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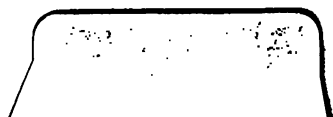


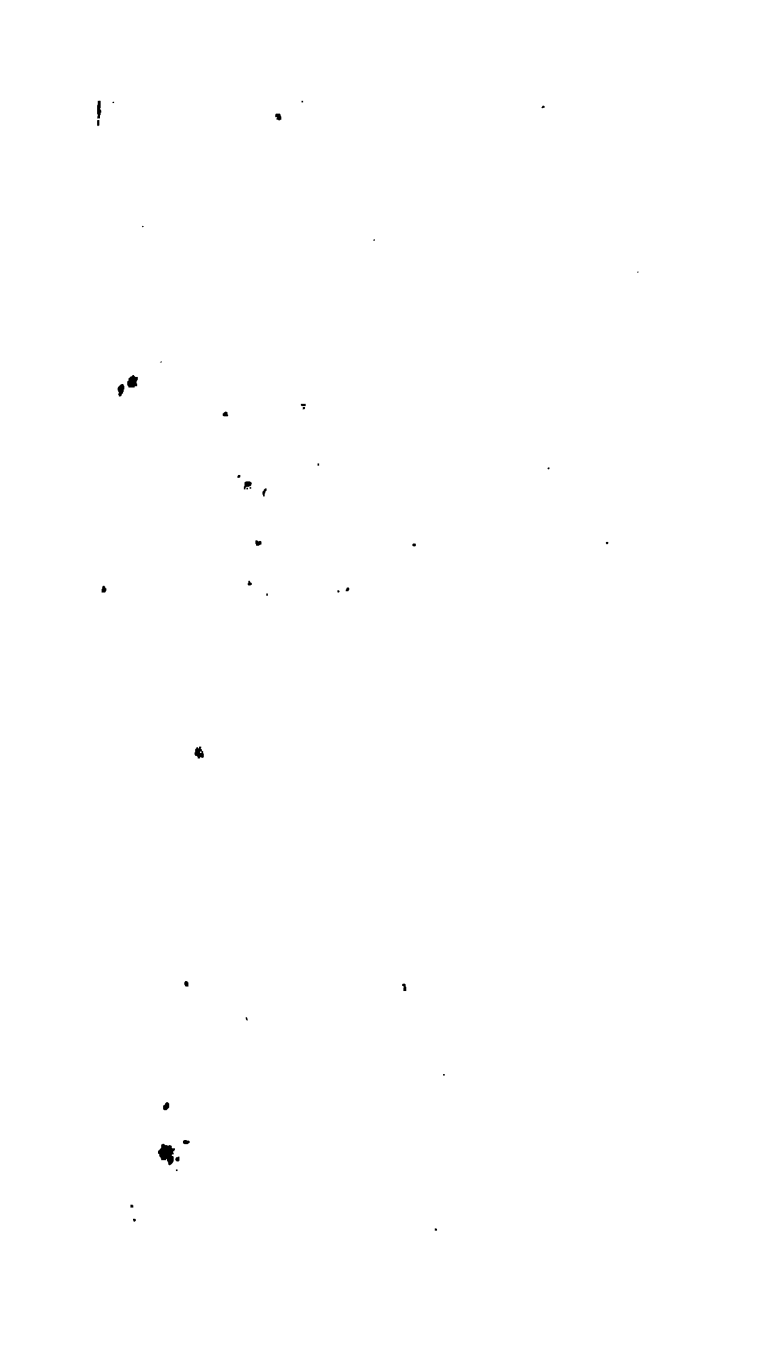
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Tarō no 100

STULTIFERA NAVIS;
Qua omnium mortalium narratur Stultitia.



**THE
MODERN SHIP OF FOOLS.**

ÆRE PERENNIIUS.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1807.

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DEDICATION.

To that individual, if such an one exists, who resembles the man sought after by the philosopher Diogenes at noon day, with a lighted candle in a lanthorn *.

UNKNOWN,

WHERESOEVER thou art, I humbly greet thee, heedless of thy country, religion, language, or colour; well convinced, that neither climate, creed, tongue or complexion can prove detrimental to the expansion of wisdom, or tend to warp thee from the pursuits of everlasting *truth*.

To thee, O Phoenix! or to adopt the words of Solomon, "Beloved of my soul," do I send

* It is obvious, that our Poet did not take the *honest* man of the Cynic, in a literal sense, but that he conceived the philosopher went in search of a wise and good man, and not merely of one who was proof against the temptation of purloining a silver spoon.

Colui è huomo, che può regger se stesso.

this little book, greeting, under the assurance, that my *moral* will be in unison with thy *practice*, and consonant with thy *theory*, when absolute *action* hath not led thee to display thy conduct to the world of fools.

To intrude upon thee fulsome flattery would be fruitless, thy discriminating sense would pierce the flimsy veil: to wish thee unfading happiness would be nugatory, since *wisdom* is thy pursuit, and joys unperishable are the attendants on those who struggle in order to its attainment: to urge thee to proceed in thy career with steady determination, would merely hold me up to ridicule in thine eyes, since he who hath tasted the delicious fruits of science, would never quit the Hesperian produce "to prey on garbage." Therefore naught have I further to add, but take my leave, under the firm conviction, that

Sapientia prima est, stultitia carnis.

THE POET.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

IN the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, several works written in Latin, issued from foreign presses, similar in title and composition to the plan of the present publication; the intention of which is to lash the reigning vices and follies of mankind. These productions have, for the most part, been inspected by the editor, but the work which obviously appears to have given the idea for the several sections now under consideration, is the *Ship of Fools*, translated into English verse by one *Alexander Barclay*, priest, and printed in folio. Of this work, numerous editions issued from the press; the earliest of which was printed by Pinson, in 1509; vid. Herbert's edition of Ames, vol. i. p.

253, from which it should seem, that Alexander Barclay had only completed his translation the preceding year, as in a subsequent folio edition, bearing date 1570, the following lines appear :

“Thus endeth the *Ship of Fools*, translated out of Latin, French and Dutch, into Englishe, by Alexander Barclay, priest, at that time chaplain in the coledge of St. Mary Ottery, in the countie of Devon. An. Dom. 1508.”

IN the commencement of that volume, the reader is informed, that *Stultifera Navis* was originally the labour of one *Sebastian Brant*, Dutchman, and Doctor of both Laws, in the county of Almayne, who composed the book in his native tongue, endeavouring as much as possible to vie with the ancient Roman satirists not to omit the effusions of Dante and Francis Petrarch, the heroic poets whom it is alleged he also took for his models. From the original Dutch, the *Ship of Fools* was then translated into Latin, by James Locher, a disciple of Brant's, and was afterwards rendered into

French by an unknown hand; thus much are we informed from the preliminary discourses of Locher and Barclay; the latter of whom, in his English translation, accounts in the following words, for the publication of his book :

“ Wherefore willing to redresse the errours and vices of this our realme of Englande, as the fore-saide composer and translatours have done in their countreys, I have taken upon me, howbeit unworthily, to drawe into our Englishe tongue, the saide booke named the Ship of Fools, so nere to the saide three languages, as the parcutie of my witte will suffer me.”

WITH respect to the present Ship of Fools, the editor conceives it highly necessary to acquaint the public, that the Poetaster has, in no one instance, encroached on the production of Alexander Barclay, as far as relates to the body of his work, having merely copied a part of his title-page, and inserted the running heads of many of his sections *, the poetry, Latin and Italian quotations, &c. being entirely the effu-

* VIZ. Of foolish unprofitable books—Of new fashions, and fools that wear disguised garments, &c. &c.

sions of his genius, and the result of his own researches. The editor has conceived this intimation the more essentially requisite, as it would be infinitely detrimental to the poet, was he branded with the stigma of plagiarism, when his labours are entirely original, and obviously committed to paper *currente calamo*; but, as the writer has ventured to correct some lines in the progress of these sections, he hopes that the poetical part of the volume is not wholly ushered into the world without *Linæ labor ac mora*; and therefore trusts, that any trifling inaccuracies which may have escaped him, will be regarded leniently by that class of critics, which is, perhaps, over severe in its judgment on the literary productions of others.

UNDER the firm assurance that the reader will consider this work, in the light in which it is conceived the author originally intended that it should be accepted, the editor takes his leave, after placing himself in the situation of the versifier of this volume, exclaiming with Ovid :

Non ego mordaci distinxì carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato est litera mista joco.

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

OF

THE POET.

It is allowed, that the mental, equally with the corporeal being, stands in need of repose—I had just atchieved the last section of this my *Ship of Fools*, when I was assailed by one of those soft and genial slumbers, which will frequently extend its influence to renovate the animal system, and give new vigour to intellectuality :

Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. *Horace.*

while entranced in this state of oblivion, a female form suddenly presented itself to my wandering imagination, whose broad, fat, unmeaning countenance and vacant stare, seemed anxious to convey an expression of displeasure;

but so awkwardly was the passion depicted, as rather to excite risibility, than inspire my soul with a sensation of awe.

“Dost thou not know me?” demanded the female, in sullen accents; “Yes,” I replied; for who can fix his eyes on that inexpressive physiognomy, upon that cap, adorned with lanky ass’s ears, upon that tawdry mantle, together with those jingling bells and empty ladle, without proclaiming thee aloud, for that thou truly art, Queen of Folly, or the Goddess of Fools?”

“Thou judgest right,” replied the vision; “and since thou knowest me for an immortal being, learn henceforth to respect my boundless sway.” At the conclusion of these words, *Erasmus’s* account of the parents and guardians of Folly, suddenly flushed upon my mind, when the following ejaculation escaped my lips:

“Yes, I know thee well: at thy conception Hymen did not attend, neither wast thou born upon the floating Delos*, but on one

* It was on this island, which is said to have suddenly

of those fortunate islands, whose luxurious and spontaneous soil affords every thing without the aid of culture; and from whence is consequently banished labour, together with penury, sickness, and old age: thy nurses were the daughter of Bacchus and the progeny of Pan, whose attendants were Scorn, Self-love, and Adulation (sleepy-eyed), Lethe, or Oblivion; Idleness with listless air, and perfumed Voluptuousness, crowned with odoriferous flowers. Amidst this train of nymphs two gods appeared; the one was patron of gluttony, the other of profoundest sleep. Such even now constitute thy suite; and, aided by their baleful fascinations, dost thou hold, under thy dominion, this world immense of countless fools."

"TRUE"; answered the vision, "and since thou knowest so well my sovereignty and

made its appearance on the surface of the ocean, by the power of Neptune, that the persecuted *Latona* was permitted to bring forth her offspring *Apollo*. Delos was also the birth place of *Diana*. It is almost needless to add, that *Science* and *Chastity* are total strangers to the Goddess of Fools.

power, how darest thou act in opposition to my lenient decrees, and rear thy puny wit against an immortal, whose shrine receives the tributary homage of all the sons and daughters of mortality. Consign to the flames, rash and imprudent bard, these labours of thy daring fancy, my votaries will not heed them, but laugh to scorn such frigid precepts. Come to my rosy bowers, and I will feast thee with excess of love, with brim-full goblets of exhilarating wines, with banquettings, music, dancing, and every species of revelry; from thy mind discard these baleful principles, by thee denominated the beacons of wisdom; from thy brow dispel that look of austerity, and let the dimpled smile of mirth assume its playful emporium. Yes: yield thyself to me; and henceforth learn to taste unfading pleasures."

Thus having spoke, Folly approached me with complacency. I was not, however, to be won by her alluring smiles; and, with an outstretched hand, indignantly repulsed her fascinating, but deceitful blandishments. Being thus contemned, her fury knew no

bounds; and to her aid she summoned, incontinent, her votaries, from every region of the earth; who, with gesticulations, indicating hate, would fain have approached me; but fruitless proved the attempt. Minerva appeared, arrayed in the garb of Mentor, and, rearing high her orb'd and resplendent shield, with shrieks and yells the multifarious band shrunk back, dismayed at the dazzling sight; and I again awoke, to laud still more the wise design which had inspired my muse.

Quidquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

Having thus committed to paper the offspring of my visionary fancy, which related throughout to the Goddess of Fools; it may not be injudicious, in the next place, to say something respecting her kingdom, the situation of which is so characteristically depicted by *Voltaire*, that I cannot do better than quote his lines, for the reader's information.

Devers la lune, où l'on tient que jadis,
 Etait placé des fous le paradis*,

* It was formerly supposed, that the *Fools' Paradise*

Sur les confins de cet abîme immense,
 Où le Cahos, et l'Erebe, et la nuit,
 Avant le temps de l'univers produit,
 Ont exercé leur aveugle puissance;
 Il est un vaste et caverneux séjour,
 Peu carressé des doux rayons du jour;
 Et qui n'a rien qu'une lumière affreuse,
 Froide, tremblante, incertaine, et trompeuse
 Pour tout étoile, on a des feux folets;
 L'air est peuple de petits fafardets,
 De ce pays la reine est la sottise, &c.

Such being the region inhabited by the Goddess of Fools, I shall now proceed in my Preface, by giving a quotation from the prologue of *James Locher*, which is, in every respect consonant with the causes which induced me to compose the ensuing sections:

was situated near the border of the moon; and that the region was inhabited by the spirits of ideots, silly persons, and infants who died without receiving the baptismal rites. Milton also speaks of the *Paradise of Fools*, through which he makes Satan pass, in the progress of his aerial journey.

"To cleanse the vanitie and madnes of foolish people, of whom over great number is in the realme of Englande; therefore let every man beholde and overrede this booke, and then, I doubt not but he shall see the errours of his life, of what condition soever he be; in likewise as he shall see in a mirrour the fourme of his countenance and visage. And if he amende suche faultes as he redeth here, wherein he knoweth him selfe guiltie, and passe foorth the residue of his life in order of good maners; then shal he have the fruite and advantage, whereto I have translated (composed) this book."

This having been the laudable incitement of a translator, I trust that a motive no less praiseworthy is attachable to me (the poet), who claim originality throughout my effusions, and who have in some measure, aimed at the accomplishment of the idea of Horace, who gave it as his opinion that,

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.

Whether I have succeeded or not in my attempt, I leave to the decision of those who

shall deign to peruse my lays; but of this I feel proudly confident, that nothing but the welfare of my countrymen hath prompted my Muse, having no incitement whatsoever, either to personality or malice; for it is certainly permitted me to ask,

————— Ego si risi, quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet—lividus et mordex videar!

Having thus wiped away every supposition on the score of vindictive satire, on my part, I shall deliver my thoughts on this head, in the words of *Burton*, who, in his elaborate and scientific *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has thus given two Latin lines in our mother tongue:

The best and surest method of advice,
Should spare the person, tho' it brands the vice.

With respect to the multitude that will not think fit to trouble itself with the perusal of my labours; or, more properly speaking, to taste 'ἰσα πικρα, I must beg leave to acquaint such votaries of folly, that the vessel, or rather the *fleet*, of their darling goddess is ready for their immediate embarkation; and, in order to bid them adieu, I shall, therefore, have recourse

to the ensuing stanzas of my worthy friend
Alexander Barclay, the priest.

*But to assemble these fooles in one bande,
And their demerites wortily to note,
Payne shall I shippes of every maner lande,
None shall be left, barke, galley, ship, nor bote,
One vessell can not bring them all aflate,
For if all these fooles were brought into one barge,
The bote should sinke, so sore should be the charge.*

*The sayles are haused, a pleasant coole doth blowe,
The fooles assemble as faste as they may drive ;
Some swimmeth after, other as thicke doth rowe,
In their small botes, as bees about a hive,
The number is great, and eche one doth strive,
For to be chiefe, as purser and captayne,
Quartermaster, lodesman, or els Boteswayne.*

*They runne to our ship, eche one doth greatly feare,
Least his slacke pace should cause him bide behinde ;
The winde riseth, and is like the sayle to teare,
Eche one enforceth the anker up to winde,
The sea swelleth by planetes well I finde.
These obscure cloudes threaten us tempest :
All are not in bed which shall have ill rest.*

And now, friend reader, will I close these
prefatory lines, supplicating the interposition

of Wisdom in thy favour, that her brilliance may so expand around thee, as sipate from thy reason the noxious vap ignorance and folly, urging thee to bells, cap, and ladle; assuming in the the dazzling spear of Minerva to affright adversaries; while, firm in the sacred thou mayest act in unison with myse henceforth exclaim,

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et hoc sum.

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STULTIFERA NAVIS.

SECTION I.

OF FOOLISH UNPROFITABLE BOOKS.

Os dignum æterno nitidum quod fulgeat auro
Si mallet laudare Deum, cui sordida monstra
Prætulit, & liquidam temperavit crimine vocem.

O how can I with any prudence dress
A theme that checks the freedom of the press,
The great palladium which we all rely on ?
Far better, Caxton *, had this land been stinted
Of *lives of saints*, and all that thou hast printed,
Than e'er thine art produc'd what I say fye on.

* William Caxton was the first printer in England; he established his press at Westminster, and produced a work entitled, *The Lives of the Saints*, which may very justly be styled the heavenly Maundeville, being replete with so many marvellous histories. The first book printed by Caxton was *The Game of Chess*, and the second, *The Dictes and sayings of Philosophers*, by Earl Rivers, dated 1477.

Hadst thou ne'er usher'd in this baleful art,
 Full many a damsel had ensur'd her heart
 'Gainst subtle *Jean * Jaques' nouvelle Heloise*:
 From French finesse and all les petites ruses,
 And to les *Liasons † tres dangereuses*,
 Our damsels ne'er had had recourse to please.

But in their boudoirs ‡ ladies now display
Nugæ canoræ of the present day;
 Or *Little* poems § for the fleeting hour:
 Effusions which our modern belles adore,
 Who only languish as they read for *More*;
 Of dulcet trifles such the magic pow'r.

* The new *Heloise* of J. J. Rousseau is famed for the fallacious principles with which it abounds, and the fascination of the language, rendering sophistry plausible at the expense of our reason.

† A very celebrated French work, entitled in English, *Dangerous Connexions*, which is calculated to mislead the senses, and implant in the mind the most erroneous sentiments and opinions.

Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala.

‡ Small chambers appropriated for retirement, and fitted up in a luxurious style, which is in every respect calculated to inflame the desires of a voluptuary.

§ Many poetic effusions of this nature have, of late,

Nay, still the dear illusion to enhance,
 Indecency is coupled with romance *,
 To curtain modesty with crimson shame ;
 As if discarding chastity from hence,
 Was the criterion of all common sense,
 And the sure beacon of the road to fame.

issued from the press, whose rapid sale has but too evidently indicated the TASTE of the present times. Of some productions of this nature, concerning which we may exclaim with Horace,

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ,
 it hath been confidently asserted, that ladies of ton, not satisfied with a single copy, have purchased separate impressions for the carriage, the boudoir, and the dressing room, while a fourth has not unfrequently been deposited under the pillow at night, to serve as a gentle lullaby.

* Some famous, or rather *infamous*, works of this nature, have met the public eye, to the disgrace of the writers, whose labours are well calculated to adorn an *index expurgatorius* ; but this is not all, for our literary gentlemen (as they term themselves) not contented with their own dereliction, must needs ransack the productions of Parisian irreligion, false philosophy, and immorality, in order to give them publicity in this country, by means of translation, witness the *Delphine* of Mad. Stael, together with an hundred et cæteras. And as if the mania was never

But poems and romances, what are they,
When new philosophy * illumines the way?

Sages of Greece and Rome are naught, I ween;
Friends of the *Bonnet Rouge* can all o'ertop,
And not with tongue alone their logic chop,
Witness the annals of the Guillotine.

L'ENVOY † OF THE POET.

Hold, hold, my Muse, deceitful books, farewell;
Till human nature cons your page no more:

to end; nothing had such a run for a period, as the trash that was advertised as coming *piping-hot* from the *German* school; in short, we have been inundated with *Gallic philosophy, morality, &c.* and the German *extravaganza*, both literary and dramatic.

Li matti hanno bolletta di dir ciò che vogliano.

* It would be needless to dilate upon this topic, as the fanatics of a neighbouring country, not to lay any stress upon those gentlemen who have figured on this side of the water, have given incontrovertible testimony of the fallacy of their opinions, by the overthrow of those systems, or castles in the air, with which they amused themselves, to the destruction of all social order, and the consequent butchery of thousands of their fellow citizens.

† As the above word is made use of in the translation of Alexander Barclay, from whose publication the poet

Degraded man each virtue shall expel,
And robes of modesty bedeck the whore.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each *Rara Avis**,
Crowds flock to man my *Stültifēra* † *Navis*.

took his idea of the present work; it appears evident that he did not think fit to alter the same, as throughout all his sections no other word is applied to denote that he sends his advice to the several classes of fools, concerning whom he treats in this book.

* As these words are usually adverted to in speaking of any individual pre-eminent in wisdom or excellence, the poet has, it is conjectured, conceived himself licensed in using them, while treating of those who are equally prominent in folly.

† It is hoped that the poetic licence of the bard, in having lengthened the syllable *fe* as above will be forgiven, as the word should certainly be pronounced thus, *stültifēra*. Even the great and classic Mr. Pope has not scrupled to take a liberty more *unclassical* in abbreviating the pronunciation of the English word *satellites*, which, if properly read, would render his line short and inharmonious; but if regarded as Latin, even then the poet is wrong, as it should be, according to grammatical rules, *satellita*.

“—— Jove’s *satellites* are less than Jove.”

This, however, is not the only instance, as similar liberties have been taken by most of our poetical writers, and on that plea the annotator grounds his hope, that the public will excuse the license taken by the present bard.

SECTION II.

OF NEW FASHIONS, AND FOOLS THAT WEAR DISGUISED GARMENTS.

Ad populum phaleras, ego te intus et in cute novi.

Go hide thy face, dame Decency, while I
Descant on fashions and our ladies' dress ;
Their modes are folly, and their drapery
One yard of gauze * to cover nakedness.

With lawn transparent are their bosoms bound,
Alluring ev'ry eye to view the sight ;
While stomach, taper waist, and *contour* round,
Are visible thro' cambric twin'd so tight.

* It is absolutely impossible to walk the streets of London, without witnessing the truth of this remark ; as the ladies, not contented with parading *all but naked*, must needs heighten the scene, by grasping tightly round them the small portion of drapery they have, whereby the whole contour from the waist downwards, is just as perceptible, as if they had no covering at all.

One petticoat or drawers * of muslin thin,
From heav'n's rude blast protects the fragile

MAID ;

Maid did I say—What difference in the sin,
The harlot's act, or limbs by lust array'd ?

Or view the milliner's inventive art,
In hips elastic, and full swell behind ;
Stays "*a la Je ne + sçais quoi*," at once impart,
That nature's naught without such modes re-
fin'd.

* As a trifling effort of Boreas might elevate, or the rude push of a passenger cause a rent in the thin petticoat or chemise, whereby a total exposure would be inevitable, the expedient of wearing drawers of muslin has been resorted to, which, in some instances, are converted by *Dashers* into trowsers, with the addition of a deep fringe of lace, which is carefully displayed by the shortness of the petticoat dangling about the ankles. So much for decency !

† This article of dress, not only obviates any pressure upon the bosom, but, if necessity requires it, substitutes, by cotton wadding, any deficiency. With respect to the stomach, and Butler's renowned seat of honour, the wadding is also continued to that part, with the addition of whalebone, so as to compress the *devant*, and give elas-

Naught was the swelling Pad [^] compar'd to this,
 Indeed, for beauty it was ne'er design'd ;
 But that a woman still might seem a min,
 A single hour before she was confin'd.

Tight let the Grecian tresses bind the head,
 And countless ringlets, "*A la Reccamière* †,"

ticity and rotundity to the *derrière*, by which means, should the rude touch of an inebriated carman chance to come in contact with honour's throne, the grasp would not be felt, and that much redoubted seat of majesty, would consequently escape insult.

* This convenient appendage to the stomach, levelled at once all distinctions with single and married ladies, excepting, that what was *artificial* in the mother, was frequently *natural* in the daughter.

† This appellation was derived from the Parisian lady who gave the ton to a vast profusion of cork-screw curls, ranged upon the forehead like rows of twisted wires, similar to what are placed near the cranks of bells to give them elasticity. In order to produce the thin glossy appearance which constitutes the beauty of these tresses, (not unlike the love locks in the time of Charles the First) it is necessary, after curling with the irons, to divide and subdivide each ringlet, which is then passed through the fingers of the dressing woman, who has previously wetted them with some sweet scented oil.

In greasy order o'er the front be spread,
The whole a peruque *, fye on nat'ral hair.

The deaden'd lustre of that once bright eye,
The tinge vermilion with white lead conjoin'd,
Fain would revive, while health's rose blooming
dye,
By dissipation long hath been parloin'd.

Naked the arms, the shoulders too are bare,
Lest calves and ancles blush men's eyes to meet
In silk array'd ; while crimson † clocks compare
To flames of fire on Satan's cloven feet.

* As to nature, she has literally no more to do with modern taste in this particular, than a magpie has occasion for a Greek lexicon. How, in the name of common sense, should the simple goddess define what is so suitable to our complexions as we ourselves can ? besides, what would become of Mr. Collick the hair-merchant, and the numerous gentlemen of Mr. Vicary's calling—No lady of ton can possibly think of less than ten wigs in constant wear, in short, there should be one suited to every look and to every passion.

† The diversity of coloured silk stockings, which have graced the legs of our Belles, has conduced, it is imagined, to heighten their predeliction for making those

No more must female beauties be conceal'd,
 Poor decency, alas ! hath had a fall ;
 For men were us'd to wed charms unreveal'd ;
 But now they marry what is known to all.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Though common decency implores in vain,
 Still must I counsel, and the truth disclose ;
 For nakedness ensures rheumatic pain,
 So be advis'd, my maids, put on your clothes.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

limbs so very public, by a uniform method now adopted
 of twitching up the gown on one side as high as the garter,

“ *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* ”

Some fashionables, however, have not confined these har-
 lequinade hose to their own legs, but have equipped even
 their lacqueys in variegated stockings. We do not, how-
 ever, mean by this, any comparison whatsoever with the
bas jaunâtre of our blue-coat boys, the former being the
 insignias of puppyism and folly, whereas the latter, are
 the united badges of charity, wisdom, and science.

SECTION III.

**OF OLD FOOLS—VIZ. THE LONGER THEY LIVE
THE MORE THEY ARE GIVEN TO FOLLY.**

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in
the way of righteousness. SOLOMON.

Spite of the winters thou hast told,
Thy frozen blood, thy visage old,
Thy reason still is mute :
'Tis not the infancy of age
That lulls thy sense—'tis still the rage
To wear the youthful suit.

Thine hairs of honour turn'd quite grey,
By thee contemn'd, are shorn away,
In flaxen tresses 'ray'd * ;

* Every reader must allow the justice of these remarks of the poet, for even the most casual observer cannot saunter down Bond Street in the fashionable season, without witnessing living objects of this cast, whose grey hairs,

Instead of suit demure I see,
Thy wither'd frame in foppery
Through Bond Street oft parade.

I hear no precepts from thy tongue,
To check th' imprudence of the young,
Thyself more fool than they ;
Experience having knock'd in vain
To gain admittance to thy brain,
Obscur'd is wisdom's ray.

The wise contemn, the young deride,
For thee respect is e'en deny'd ;
From sentiment exempt;

the insignias of age, and the ensurers of respect, are shaven off; while in their place is substituted a curly boyish wig, accompanied with the extravagant livery of the latest fashion, and gouty feet wedged into thin dress pumps, which, notwithstanding their *natty* appearance, convince the wearer at every step, by the acuteness of the twinge endured, that the guise of youth does not become him. Yet, all in vain, he bids defiance to advice, nor heeds the poet who exclaims,

Sperne voluptates, nocet empti dolore voluptas.

Thy death-bed views thee void of friend,
 When gone, no tongue laments thine end,
 Thy passing knell's—Contempt*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The hoary head, with wisdom's radiance crown'd,
 Lives to inculcate what experience taught;
 In death bequeathing this bright truth profound,
 I liv'd to learn—left others wisdom fraught.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

* It is most assuredly a matter of serious regret, that the vain folly of old persons is far more detrimental to the rising generation than to themselves. With what degree of confidence, let me ask, can the preceptor and instructor produce as an example, such a father to the pupil he is tutoring? If his lessons are correct, they must inevitably hold up the parent in a contemptible and debased point of view; and if, on the other hand, he vindicates the follies of the father, he extends the fostering hand to vice, and thus willingly contaminates the mind which he was imperiously called upon to rear in the paths of science, virtue, and honour.

A testa bianca spesso cervello manca.

SECTION IV.

OF OLD FOOLS WHO HANKER AFTER YOUNG WOMEN.

Concubitu prohibere vago.

HAST thou sixty winters counted,
And on back of goat still mounted
With a *colt's tooth* * in thine head :
Front quite bald, and small *eyes* leering,
Lips which still proclaim thee steering
To the harlot's reeking bed ?

Now by some dark alley † waiting,
Hottest lust thy soul elating,
All thy wither'd limbs on fire ;

* There might be many instances adduced of this propensity still remaining in full force with persons, though not even a stump of the strongest grinder is left in their jaws. Such a deficiency, however, is easily replaced by rows of ivory, which speedily imbibe a deep yellow tinge, a certain index of the raging and unquenchable fire that burns within.

† The picture here displayed by the poet, cannot be

If temperance in youth checks rash excess,
Its sober pleasures with its years shall suit.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

herself to the queen, who, pretending to be surprised at her appearance, demanded,

“ Pray, who are you ? ”

“ Affection”, answered Mrs. Tiffin.

“ Affection’s false ”, replied the queen. Upon which the lady wooed her Majesty to dance, which, we are informed, she did most solemnly, in despite of age and the *falsehood of affection*.

SECTION V.

OF SUCH AS KNOW NOTHING, AND WILL
LEARN NOTHING, OR OF FOOLS OPPRESS-
ED BY THEIR OWN FOLLY.

Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among
wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart
from him. SOLOMON.

SAY, what is this, a painted butterfly,
Or antic harlequin of motly dye,
What is't that thus disgraceth human nature?
'Tis Adam's progeny in face and shape,
In port and conduct but a very ape* ;
A man of fashion : vile, insipid creature !

* Indeed there are too many of this description, whose
painted cheeks, perfumed linen, blackened eyebrows, and
stay-laced shapes, together with affected utterance, dis-
grace the title of manhood.

Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis.
Now tell me, ye *petit maitres*, do ye know your like-
nesses ?

His speech a lisp, his gaze a vacant stare,
 His walk a drawl, and listlessness his air,
 While for his manhood he's the taylor's debtor,
 With wadded coat and wadded short clothes too,
 With tight-lac'd stays, that he may seem to view,
 A killing youth—a felon hung in fetter.

What, felon? Yea; but not of common sense;
 Purloiner of an idiot's impudence,

For, arm'd with folly * loudly he'll bespatter;
 Talk of his wench; naught else has he to say:
 And fright the subjects on the king's highway,
 Who Beth'lem's guest † believe him by his
 chatter.

* Not only in conversation do these hermaphrodites prove that *ex nihilo nihil fit*, they have even sometimes the effrontery to set themselves up for men of literature, when they never fail to verify the line of Horace.

Bæotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

† I should advise a revision of the code of laws, instituted for the suppression of public nuisances; among the foremost of which ought certainly to be included these pests of society, whom I would render indictable by men of common sense, subjecting them to the public lash of the ridicule they so richly deserve.

At night the man of ton, prepar'd for rout,
With op'ra hat and folly tinsell'd out,
Determin'd is thro' thick and thin to dash on,
Splutters forth nonsense, which, with kindred
elves,
Passes for wit ; because they are themselves
Yoke fellows * all, and people of high
fashion †.

* There is nothing very wonderful in this, when we ask the simple question, and hear its solution, *Quare facit opium dormire? Quia in eo est virtus dormitiva.*

† As a convincing proof that the most trivial circumstances will agitate these *things*—these men of straw, the following stanzas are founded on absolute fact, the despairing youth being one of our refined fashionable literati.

In circles of fashion Sir Saunter was known ;
His manners, in all things, were purely his own ;
He always was busy with nothing to do,
Wou'd fret if his buckle sat ill on his shoe ;
Was nervous and dying, goodnatur'd and easy,
And prattled soft nothings, in order to please ye.

It happ'd on a time, 'twas at Chiswick, they say,
A Duchess gave breakfast at five in the day.
Sir Saunter, of course, 'mid the foremost was scen,
To simper and saunter with all on the green,

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Instil sage precepts in the youthful brain,
Cull ev'ry weed, each dawning passion scan:
Maturity shall well requite thy pain,
And dignify with science rising man.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

Where England's first prince, with a smile on each
feature,

Receiv'd ev'ry greeting with cordial good nature.

Sir Saunter then tripp'd to a lady so kind,

O! madam, said he, I've a weight on my mind;

Indeed, now the truth of the matter is this,

I'm only one shade from the regions of bliss;

For had my green coat been but darker one dye,

'Twould have match'd with the prince's as I am like I.

SECTION VI.

OF FOOLISH COUNSELLORS, JUDGES, AND
MEN OF LAW.

To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the
Lord than sacrifice. SOLOMON.

*Il retto giudice più alla giustitia, che à gli huomini ha
riguardo.*

AND can no quibble law itself excuse ;
Must I condemn thee spite of all thy ruse ?

A wond'rous tale my chronicle now tells :
For in the place of judge's robe sedate,
The lawyer's garb, the wig * on counsel's pate,
I view a zany's ladle, ears, and bells.

* The owl-like consequence transferred by a copious wig to the physiognomy of the wearer is never more strikingly exemplified than in Westminster Hall, where the tiers of benches are certainly crowded with wigs on blocks; for out of the number of their wearers, half a dozen only render themselves conspicuous: the rest being merely automaton: and of them it may indeed, with

Say what's thy judgment, pr'ythee, silly ass,
Brittle thyself as any Venice glass;

Dar'st thou take life which Heav'n alone
can give?

What are thy quirks, deceitful man of law?

What are thy pleadings, counsel, when a flaw
Condemns the guiltless, bids the guilty live.

truth be said, The wisdom's in the wig, the wig—the wisdom's in the wig. The following little anecdote being very applicable to our young wearers of the bar gown, is here introduced by way of a friendly hint to those flip-pant youths, whose bags are as void of briefs as their heads of brains.

A young, pert, prating lawyer one day boasted to the facetious counsellor Costello, that he had received five and twenty guineas, for speaking in a certain case, “And I”, said Mr. Costello, “received *double* that sum for *holding* my tongue in the same cause”.—But to recur to the subject of our note. In delineating the sapience displayed by the human physiognomy, when surrounded by this copious appendage of hair, our Hogarth has proved himself no less excellent, than on every other occasion, wherein he has given scope to his extraordinary talents: for let my reader but refer to that artist's plate concerning wigs, and their wearers; and however unacquainted with the rules of Lavater, he, nevertheless, cannot fail to discover at the first glance stupidity, ignorance, and gluttony, embosomed in the ample wig.

Right is to thee a pleasing masquerade ;
Thine object's lucre ; justice but a trade :
The fee will win thee, be it foul or fair.
Browbeat * the evidence, turn black to white,
Hoodwink the jury by sophistic flight,
Hear innocence condemn'd : what need'st
thou care.

Sable's thy robe : well fitted to impart
The sabler dye that stains thy callous heart,
Glutted with gold, by fell extortion got.
Thy darling principle is *self* alone :
The cries of injur'd, and the pris'ner's groan,
Ne'er urge thee to commiserate their lot.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Mark o'er thine head now hangs the steady scale,
Poiz'd in the hand supreme the balance see ;

* This plan of browbeating, or to speak more properly, frightening a witness out of his wits, which is merely substituting one letter for another, making him *witless* instead of *witness*, is now reduced to a regular system ; consequently the grand art of counsel at present is not only to force an upright man to commit perjury by this species of tongue-baiting, but also cause a verdict to be given against the party who has justice on his side.

Knock at thy breast, and should stern justice
fail,

Think on that judgment which must wait
on thee.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION VII.

OF FOOLISH MODERN WIVES AND FASHION- ABLES.

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion. SOLOMON.

YE dames of title, by example led,
May safely wrong your senseless husband's bed;
Fearless of monitor or partial blame,
Since mere publicity entails your shame.

Ye feel no spark of love's celestial fire ;
Yours th' infuriate throb of fierce desire,
With mind thus tutor'd, caution is your plan :
'Tis naught to you, so man succeeds to man *.

* Notwithstanding this apparent ill nature of the poet, there are, nevertheless, sufficient public examples to bear him out in his assertions; but had he been possessed of the powers of the famous devil on two sticks, which would have enabled him to learn such instances as were hidden from publicity, Merciful Heaven ! what would he not then have had to say ! for *Quæ fuerant vitia moressunt*: and the contagion is now become general : for the prim citizen's wife knows the practical meaning

But if, alas! some chambermaid espies,
Through crack or key-hole, with her prying eyes,
Such little tiltings, straight some scribbling wag
Will advertise your cast off camphire bag *.

of the word intrigue equally as well as the west end of the town lady of title; and we may therefore very justly say,

Behold the duchess or the countess free,
With mind as prone to sensuality
As Mrs. Tabby, that on pent-house mews,
Or Drury's ladies, who frequent the stews :
Yet not to titled dames alone must I
Attribute these soft failings; by the bye,
Tradesmen and cits your titled great may scorn ;
But they alike are deck'd with cuckold's horn.

But all this is very excusable, when put in competition with the loves of ancient heroines; witness *Pasipha*, who received the *tender* embraces of a bull, and *Semiramis* those of horses, &c. &c.

* Never surely was a more facetious adventure than that alluded to in the above line; and, as the lady did not *exactly* understand her own mind, nor the youth *precisely* know how to win her for a time, we will, by way of advice for young gentlemen in future, note down a prescription which never yet was found to fail in its effects.

Whene'er a woman vows she's chaste,
Then gently clasp her round the waist ;

Then what ensues? like Richard for his horse,
The horned husband cries, divorce, divorce;
Flies to the Commons*, spends his money there,
And, sanction'd by the Lords, parts with his fair.

So even justice having made one—two,
Religion sanctions what the laws undo:
And thus th' adult'rer, who the wife purloin'd,
By holy wedlock's to th' adult'ress join'd.

Whene'er she strives to ape the prude,
Be bold: you cannot be too rude.
But when she vows she'll naught permit,
She means to ask, and will submit;
For all her practice is but guile;
'Tis nay for yea, and frown for smile.

* It is surely a very hard case that a poor man should be compelled to wear his antlers, without being permitted to *butt* with them; leaving him to exclaim with Lucio, in *Measure for Measure*, "Married to a punk is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging." But such is however the case, since none who cannot well pay for their sport, are entitled to redress from the gentlemen of the Commons; consequently in this particular the great and the rich have the best of it; and it is doubtless, on this account, they make so light of publicity in matters of love; as *they* delicately term such gross dereliction from conjugal duties.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Rear'd in the paths of chastity, a wife
Should guard her honour and her husband's
fame ;
And teach her children that a spotless life
Entails bliss here—hereafter a good name.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis:
Crowds flock to man my StultiferaN avis.

SECTION VIII.

OF FOOLS WHO CONTEMN AND DESPISE RELIGION.

*Parcus deorum cultor, et infrequens insanientis dum
sapientiæ consultus erro; nunc retrorsum vela dare atque
iterare cursus cogor relictos.*

To taunt religion now a days,
And laugh to scorn all sacred writ;
From idiot tongues ensures loud praise,
And passes for consummate wit.

The Church, with ev'ry form of Pray'r,
For reason's Temple * men disdain;
And turn to jest the pastor's care,
Because some points he can't explain.

* Much has been, and is said, of the Age of Reason—the Temple of Reason, and the Goddess of Reason, yet it is not a little to be wondered at, that those very beings who so constantly make these their themes are in themselves, the most unreasonable, for while maintaining strenuously such opinions, they nevertheless allow, that if the

“What,” cries the Deist, with a sneer,
“Redemption!—Priests may gain their ends;”
“But would a parent pay so dear
“As give a son to save his friends?”
“A great First Cause”, the Atheists cry,
“Consummate nonsense to advance;”
“That boundless space which men call sky”
“Contains a God—there’s none but *Chance*.”

And canst thou jeer at mercy’s theme,
Nor think upon thy soul’s dread loss?
Canst thou deride, for impious dream,
Thy bleeding Saviour on the Cross;

world was peopled throughout with men who had laid down such principles as the basis of their conduct through life, every human institution would be at an end, and a general scene of devastation characterise the face of nature; but in order to validate this position beyond a doubt, the train of events which disgraced revolutionary France, bid defiance to all contradiction, proving, that those children of Reason were every thing but rational, being even debased by enormity that en horrors human nature. Such then being the case, farewell to Reason, which is not sanctioned by religion, for, *Ludere cum sacris* never yet was found to constitute a part of the creed of any wise and rational being; but, on the contrary, has been tolerated only by madmen, knaves, and fools.

For shame, for shame, no longer yield,
Thy dormant faith arouse from sleep :
Drive irreligion from the field,
Nor laugh at what made angels weep.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If doubts assail thee, bid thy reason speak:
This truth must ev'ry wav'ring thought disarm :
That faith whose attribute is mild and meek,
Can only tend to good—not lead to harm.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION IX.

OF FOOLISH GLUTTONS AND DRUNKARDS.

Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

For the Drunkard and the Glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

SOLOMON.

To city feast* my prying gaze I turn,
Profusion on the board I there discern,

* Repasts of this nature have long been proverbial; nor does the appearance of the leading men east of Temple Bar, bely the general opinion of their capability and prowess at the knife and fork exercise: in vain doth moderation cry out, *Lucisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti; tempus abire tibi est*; deaf to all such warnings, they continue the attack; and instances have been known, that, on the arrival of an unexpected dish, the already gorged alderman, thrown into an ecstasy at the luscious view, has waddled from the table, and having, by the assistance of potent libations of salt and water, eased in some degree the overburdened stomach, he has forthwith returned to charge the object of his gluttony, and satiated his vengeance by a glorious indigestion. *Plures crapula quam gladius.*

While goggle eyes* stare eager to begin :
With smack of lips the pil'd up ladle see .
Reeking with callipash and callipee,
For forc'd meat balls they dash thro' thick
and thin.

The ven'son next, then turkeys, geese and chine,
Wash'd down with oceans of Madeira wine ;

O despicable glutton, think but on the tortures which thou
inflictest on the poor skate, ere it is crimped, to satiate
thine appetite, and blush to own thyself a human being.

* At all periods has the inordinate gratification of this
sense been considered by its votaries. The famed Anacreon,
greedily indulging his appetite, was choked with a grape
stone. Heliogabalus delighted in feasting on the tongues of
nightingales and the brains of peacocks ; while the fol-
lowers of Epicurus ransacked the culinary art, in order to
invent dishes that were calculated to pamper this bestial
propensity. Nay, and among the tribe of guttling fools of
more modern date may rank *Worlidge* the famous engraver
of gems, who was so fond of good living as to expend *one*
guinea on a *pint of peas*, although he had not at the time
a shoe to his foot, and was literally repairing to a disciple
of Crispin's, in order to procure a pair, when in Covent
Garden Market, this fascinating object presented itself to
his greedy eyes.

Fricandoes, fricassees, veal, mutton, beef;
Tarts, custards, jellies, *blanc mange*, and ice
creams:

Such are the joys ally'd to city dreams;
For gold they labour, guttling's * their relief.

* Hogarth's celebrated print of the election feast, affords an inimitable picture of excess in gluttony, displayed in the representation of one of the party at the electioneering feast, who being overgorged, is just expiring of a fit of apoplexy, while at the end of the fork, still grasped in his band, appears an oyster, which had been intended for the next mouthful. But although many instances in real life have been related of the inordinate love of guttling which has characterized the natives of this island, it is nevertheless conceived, that the reader must allow, from the following statement, that the natives of other countries may out-eat us. During the last war, a Prussian soldier at Liverpool literally devoured at one meal—a live cat—two pounds of bullock's liver, and two pounds of candles—with respect to rats and mice, they were regarded as such choice dainties in his estimation, that he would voraciously dispatch all that came in his way, and it is absolutely a fact, that this ravenous propensity created such an *acute feeling*, that the drummer and fifer boys were afraid of appearing before this cormorant, lest he should be led to take a fancy to an arm or a shoulder, and suddenly place his grinders in contact with human flesh.

To find out drunkards *, I need not go far,
They're west as well as east, of Temple Bar ; .

For noble, seaman, soldier, churchman too,
The 'squire, the peasant, nay, the modest lamb,
I mean our ladies—they with frequent drams,
Will fuddle noses till they're red and blue.

* In speaking of drunkenness, *Arcanum demens detegit ebrietas*, it is not only the foe to decency and reason, but when indulged in to excess, absolutely incapacitates the sot from the smallest corporeal effort. As a proof of this, a fact is recorded of a certain military commander, who indulged in copious libations at the mess table, from which all the company had retired, excepting himself and one bottle companion, with whom he chose to complete the debauch over a large bowl of punch. This son of Mars having drank for a time until he had rendered his companion senseless, and desirous of proving himself a superior votary to the orgies of Bacchus, grasped the vessel, in order to empty its contents, when finding himself incapable of raising it to his lips, from the effects of inebriety, he bent his mouth to the edge of the bowl, which he tilted, resting his arms on the table, and while in this position, being unsteady from the effect of liquor, he slipped forward, when his face became immersed in the intoxicating draught, and in that situation he continued immovable, and was shortly suffocated. But not to speak of such deadly effects, the mere inebriety which constitutes the

See nature's paragon bereft of sense,
 With gait unsteady, prone to impudence,
 And ev'ry act that's loathsome in the beast:
 Such is our Bacchus—but my picture's done,
 If in the human frame I view as one
 A drunkard and a glutton at a feast.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

From all intemperance let man abstain,
 And sober reason be his constant guide;
 He ne'er in folly's boat will share the pain,
 Of such as row at once 'gainst wind and tide.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

boast of mankind may always be said to verify on the
 ensuing morning these lines of Horace.

Corpus onustum

Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat unâ.

And speaking of the capability of the English in
 drinking, Shakspeare thus expresseth himself.

“ I learned it in *England*, where indeed they are most

potent in potting; your *Dane*, your *German*, and your swag-bellied *Hollander*, are nothing to your *English*.

Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Why he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk; he sweats not, to overthrow your *Alma*; he gives your *Hollander* a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled."

SECTION X.

OF YOUNG FOOLS WHO MARRY FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

Non id videndum, conjugum ut bonis
At ut ingenium congruat et mores mor
Probitas, pudorque virgini dos optima

What mighty spell pervades thy breath
Canst thou caress and be caress'd ;
By one in years grown old ?
Canst thou from that pale shrivell'd lip
The nectar strive of love * to sip ;
And all for baleful gold ?

* The following lines, so applicable to the
poet, are here introduced, in order to finish
the poet.

Or now behold the man by fortune cross'd,
His vessel on the sea of mis'ry toss'd ;
He for a competence will sell his youth,
And meanly vow the opposite to truth ;
Ah, silly fool ! how soon the vision flies,
That lately dazzled thy too eager eyes !

As friends bid truth and falsehood meet,
So shall thy vows enraptur'd greet,
 Connubial bliss for gold.

Let sanction'd priest the rites begin,
Let parents tolerate the sin,
 By av'rice thou'rt inroll'd ;
Yet ere one month thou'lt curse * thy vow,
Thy parents—and too late allow,
 Thy mis'ry's seal'd by gold.

* A very melancholy fact is related by a French author, which, although not exactly analogous to the subject of this section, is nevertheless calculated to prove the misery of ill assorted unions. The parents of a very beautiful young lady, allured by the fascinations of superior wealth, bestowed the hand of their dejected Mariana on a very rich, but aged advocate; the unfortunate sufferer, who had solely yielded her acquiescence on the score of duty, brooded but for a day on the wretchedness of her situation; for on the morn which succeeded the nuptials, the melancholy bride, breaking an egg, mingled with the same a deadly poison unperceived; when leisurely eating the contents, she exclaimed—"My parents commanded the union, and by my obedience I have given them proofs of my devotion to their will—more they cannot require of me, for in obeying, I die for them!"

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Nature this truth proclaims with clarion tongue,
Congenial years ne'er feel love's diminution ;
But when the gold of age allures the young,
Such rite becomes a legal prostitution.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XI.

OF VENAL FOOLS.

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

SOME fools, to pile up golden stores,
Turn reputation out of doors;
And for dame Fortune, dote upon her
So much—as to impound their honour,
Selling for wealth what should be giv'n,
To pave their pathway straight to heav'n.

Proud big wigs, our religion's props,
Archbishops holy, and bishops:
Great statesmen, when they fill high places,
Nay princes, and your noble graces,
Must, doctors-like, ensure their snacks,
And finger * fees behind their backs.

* The old story of the *ins* and *outs* is extremely applicable to the burden of this section: the object of the former being places, places, pensions, pensions; while

Your upright judges*, office clerks †,
Churchwardens ‡, beadles, all are sharks;

the cry of the latter is peculation, and violation of the rights of the subject; yet let the *ins* be *out* and the *outs* be *in*, the cry is then equally reversed: for, after all, gold is the *primum mobile*, in the attainment of which, imposition and the abuse of the liberties of the people is a trifle, unworthy the consideration of any statesman; with whom, independence is a bugbear, and *Honour*, the scarecrow of fools.

* Yes; even the solemn dignitaries of the law are not proof against this golden talisman; for the judge would sit *in* *chance*, nor give animation to his wig, did not the fees of office move the court to hear the complaints of the oppressed.

† Gentle reader, if it ever has been thy unfortunate lot to be a dangler upon these consequential nuisances, thou must have discovered that they are ten times more insufferable than their superiors: a circumstance which is mortifying in a twofold degree: as they do not only lack the consequence of office, but also the refinements of education, and the *suaviter in modo*, which arises from an intercourse with polished society.

‡ These petty parish kings have a peculiar itch for plunder, which they gratify in the following manner: suppose, for instance, that a stonemason be the warden, you will never fail to see a scaffolding around the steeple, for then the church needs some *essential* repairs; if it

Your jailors* ; nay, the hangman too
Is venal, and must have his due,
Since culprits' fee his purse must deck,
Ere he'll pull legs to break a neck.


O ! were there statutes criminal, sir,
Against the acts of men venal, sir,
With sterling truth my muse might say,
With fam'd Mackheath, of witty *Gay*,
“ 'Twou'd *thin the land* such tribes to see,
By Jack Ketch strung on Tyburn tree.”

be a plumber who fills the important office, the tiles or slating are deemed improper guardians of the edifice, and *lead* supplies their place ; and should a carpenter rule the roast, he proves himself a chip of the old block, by the erection of new pews throughout the house of prayer.

Thus each obedient to his call,

The parish robs—knives all, knives all.

* Nothing is so essential, on entering a prison, as the *garnish* of Mackheath : from the jailor to his clerks, from the clerks to the turnkeys, the cry is, Garnish, captain, garnish ! in short, without it misfortune and virtuous poverty may perish on the pitiless stones ; while swindlers and depredators, who have subjected families to ruin, command respect, and enjoy every luxury.



L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Gold, that by any unjust means is urn'd,
Although punishment's lash the sin escape,
Is but against its foul possessor turn'd,
Debauching honesty in syren's shape.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XII.

OF FOOLS WHO MASQUERADE AT MIDNIGHT.

You must forget to be a woman ; change
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage ;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel : nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, Oh, the harder heart !
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing *Titan* ; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

THOUGH fool thyself, thou canst not rest content,
But, clad in borrow'd guise, thou shows't
another ;
And to thy zany's wit giv'st twofold vent,
By aping apes, thyself an apish brother.

To midnight revel*, clad in tawdry guise,
Thy cap and ladle thou art fond of bringing :
Purblind thyself, thou think'st not other's eyes
Thine antics view, as thou thy bells art
ringing.

As when the wanton oaf, bereft of sense,
And, void of dress, kept shamelessly advancing ;

* There is no amusement in this country which has been productive of such ill effects as masquerades, where all distinction of persons is at an end : and where the coarse ribaldry, not to say obscenity, of the illiterate, the vulgar, and the abandoned, is incessantly heard, calling forth the blush from delicacy and feeling. It is at this scene of disgusting folly, that the insidious seducer has so frequently put into practice his infamous purposes against unsuspecting innocence, or destroyed the peace of an affectionate husband, by effecting his guilty purposes with the mother of a family ; and it is during the riot and confusion attendant on this species of amusement, as it is termed, that the fortune hunter has carried off in triumph the giddy school girl who little dreamt that her money was his sole object ; and that she was soon to end the wished-for career of matrimony with a broken heart. In short, masquerades in England are of so despicable a cast, that no woman who is desirous of being

Nor thought that others mark'd his impudence,
 Since 'neath a net the naked fool was dancing.

Or, as the story goes, yclep'd *We Three*,
 'Neath *brace* of loggerheads on sign appearing :
 Thou gaping read'st, then cry'st, " But two I
 see ;"
 Thyself the third art—at thyself thus jeering.

Disdaining rest, soft balm of human life,
 The jocund morn peeps in upon thy folly ;
 Views thee oppress'd with drunkards' * dreams
 of strife ;
 And sees thee rise at eve quite melancholy.

regarded as modest, should frequent a scene that can only disgust the eye and offend the ear.

* Inebriety is not merely observable in the male part of creation, but even females too shamelessly indulge at masquerades in this abominable vice : for the writer has to notice with pain, that instances have frequently occurred within his knowledge of women, who, in that degrading state, have been guilty of the most bestial conduct ; and has literally observed that two thirds of the females present, whether pure or impure, have, by their conduct, sufficiently indicated the deranged state of their intel-

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If mask'd, thou need'st must be my counsel,
hear ;

Thy brother's antics henceforth leave alone;
'Neath *Wisdom's Visor* hide thine ass's ear ;
Then cast at other fools the chiding stone.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each *Rara Avis*,
Crowds flock to man my *Stultifera Navis*.

lects; and on these accounts it has been very justly remarked by foreigners, that masquerades in England "Begin stupidly, proceed riotously, and terminate drunkenly". In France, Italy, &c. this amusement is managed otherwise: no inebriety disgraces either sex; and instead of men placing dependence on dress alone for the support of a character, which is uniformly the case in this country, you never find a foreigner who is not in a great measure calculated to sustain, with wit and humour, the part which he has undertaken to personate.

SECTION XIII.

OF FOOLS WHO SEEK FORTUNE AT GAMES OF CHANCE, &c.

*Tantum se fortunæ permittunt, etiam ut naturam de-
discant.*

BEHOLD the eager fools at play ;
Each thinks his fortune to enhance :
As if the road that led that way,
Concentrated in games of chance.

Now roll the dice : my Lord has won
The lands and beeves of poor Sir John.
My Lord in turn, next night's undone ;
His winnings and estate both gone *.

* Gambling is one of the most diabolical fascinations that can take possession of the human mind ; and it is on this account that Erasmus, in his *Praise of Folly*, makes his heroine disclaim all connexion with so destructive a pastime. The gamester has no respect for any of those ties which link the generality of mankind together ; and

Eager to gain, the fool sits down ;
Heedless of caution or advice,
He's ruin'd ; not from fortune's frown,
But black-legs, arm'd with cogged dice *.

he will as calmly pocket the last guinea of an old friend, as that of the most perfect stranger. An instance of this kind occurred at a subscription house not far from St. James's, where a Right Honourable, after winning the fortune of his friend, literally played for his house and furniture, together with the carriage and horses, then standing at the door ; which fortune also placed in his power, when he very liberally permitted the loser to continue one week in his mansion, and return home from the gambling house in the carriage he had lost ; but, it must be remembered, *for the last time.*

*. The instability of fortune is not the only circumstance to be dreaded at the gambling table, where every species of fraud is practised by many of its votaries, whose premeditated dishonesty bids defiance to good fortune as well as skill. It would however be the height of injustice to accuse only the great as being prone to shake the elbow ; this fascination pervades alike every rank of society ; and even bores at a country wake or fair, must have their E O table, where, instead of thousands, pennies are staked and played for with equal avidity ; which brings to recollection the old French proverb : "*Le jeu est le fils d'avarice et le pere du desespoir.*"

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

To value gold, its worth should first be known
 'Tis industry gives little, all its zest.
 And he whose labour makes his bread his own
 May rank on earth as most supremely blest.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

and although allured by the good luck of others, always remember that there is a loser as well as a winner, and that the odds are against you : so may you exclaim with Virgil :

Mene salis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
 Ignorare jubes ? mene huic confidere monstro ?

SECTION XIV.

OF FOOLISH PRIESTS AND BABBLING PAR-
SONS IN THE CHOIR.

I veri predicatori danno frutti, e non fiori.

To wear the sable garb of sanctity,
And be the slave of mundane vanity *,

* There is no rule without an exception ; an instance of which will be found in the following anecdote, redounding highly to the credit of the testator ; who thereby evinced a just sentiment of love for *decency*, and contempt for the prevalent *follies* of the age.

A worthy clergyman, in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed in his will a considerable property to his only daughter, on the subsequent conditions : First, That she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives. Secondly, That she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The testator's words were :

“ But as my daughter Ann — hath not attended to my admonitions, respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she

Displeaseth most my thought :
Yet fools there are that boast religion's guise,
Whose conduct slurs their functions in men's
eyes,
Who think the calling naught*.

persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline—— and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that an indecent display of personal habiliments in women, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

* As a specimen of that indefatigable zeal which should characterize the clerical robe, the following extract from the Harleian MSS. No. 6824, fol. 190, is offered, by way of lesson, to all idle fools of this class.

Saturday, June 24, 1724, I was at the funeral of the Rev. Mr. Foard, curate of Marybone. The Rev. Mr. Thos. Riddle, who was curate of St. Giles in the Fields, and since lecturer, gave the following account, that on one certain Sunday he [Mr. Riddle] performed the following duties;

In the morning, married six couple; then read the whole prayers, and preached; after that churched six women.

In the afternoon, read prayers and preached; christened 32 children; six at home, the rest at the font; bu-

In vain these ideot priests this theme pursue,
“Do as I say *, but act not as I do”;
As if the quirk would tell:

ried 13 corpses, and read the distinct service over each of them separately, and this done by nine at night.

It was then mentioned by another clergyman, that he had a paper given him to pray *for the accomplishment of a young woman's desires*.

Il buon religioso non sà stare ozioso.

* This trite adage cannot be better applied than in speaking of the clergy, who at all periods, and in all countries, have proved themselves deficient in establishing their precepts by example. From hence has originated all those divisions in religious opinions, which are nowhere so prevalent as in England, where sectaries may be called the whippers-in of faith: nor can we close this note without a quotation from Butler, who, treating on this head, exclaims,

Where ev'ry village is a *see*,
As well as *Rome*, and must maintain
A *tithe pig metropolitan* :
Where ev'ry *presbyter* and *deacon*
Commands the keys of cheese and bacon ;
And ev'ry hamlet's governed
By's *holiness*, the church's head,
More haughty and severe in's place
Than Gregory and Boniface.

"Why acts thou thus"? demands the untaught
hind,
"If with thy wisdom thou dost so; I find
" 'Twill serve my turn as well."

All eyes, 'tis said, are fix'd on Cato's son.
If Cato's son's a fool, 'tis ten to one,
The multitude reveres :
For why? The fool to his desires * gives scope:
Then, if the pastor strays, farewell all hope;
His flock the same course steers.

Show me a drunkard more adept than priest;
Show me a cormorant more staunch at feast;

* For a very biting and just satire on every class of ecclesiastical fools connected with the Catholic church, the reader may refer to Erasmus on Folly, who, in the same work, is not merely free in the delivery of his sterling opinions respecting many dogmas of that religion, but even proceeds to such lengths, that, considering the era in which he flourished, it is a little astonishing that the hatred of the clergy, which was of course manifested towards him, should not have led them to pursue the most effectual method of silencing so potent an adversary.

With pride to keep the farce on *.
Show me hypocrisy that's more demure ;
Show me, who can, less feeling to the poor,
Than's to be found in parson.

Instead of clemency—he's unforgiving ;
Instead of meekness, his pursuit's a living † ;
For which through thick and thin :

* The pride of priestcraft hath ever been proverbial ; in contradiction to that irresistible humility, which characterized the proceedings of the Divine Author of Christianity ; and the *Ego et rex meus* of Wolsey is applicable to every wearer of little buckles, cannon curls, with the *skimming dish* hat, and dapper rose, which constitutes its *prima* ornament.

† Let but the lawn sleeves appear in *vista*, and who ever heard a churchman exclaim *nolo episcopari* ? On the contrary, it is then we view the priest in his real colours : no sycophancy is too degrading, no flattery, though at the expense of truth, is too false : but when the object of his ambition is attained, his low-born pride looks with contempt on all, from the pinnacle, to whose summit he hath climbed, and rules with the rod of tyranny the miserable dependents on his haughty caprice. A truly noble spirit never plays the tyrant : it is only the *base-born churl*, like Thomas à Becket, that would out-

For quick preferment he will pander prove ;
 And to ensure his graceless patron's love,
 Excuse and sharè his sin.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The worthy man may teach religion's laws ;
 His practice * gives his precept tenfold fame.
 He stands the champion of the sacred cause ;
 And by his deeds endears religion's name.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis

frown the brow of majesty ; and towering priests alone
 aspire to scourge the back of sovereignty. In addition
 to the arrogance of papal dignity, which formerly com-
 pelled sovereigns to kiss a dirty old velvet slipper ; and
 even went so far as to make the backs of emperors mere
 footstools, in order to help these vicegerents on their
 palfrey's backs, it should not be forgotten that we are
 indebted to a monk for the invention of gunpowder ;
 while *Galau*, bishop of Munster, was the first who found
 out that destructive engine of war, a *bomb*.

* Buon prelato buon 'esempio.



SECTION XV.

OF FOOLS WHO PRACTISE VILENESS OF
MANNERS AT TABLE.

Noscitur a socio.

O! 'wou'd that I, the lance could wield,
Of graceful, polish'd Chesterfield *!
My muse might then be able
To lash the filthy, slothful vice,
Of such as are not over nice,
When seated at the table.

* It is impossible to pass over this section of the Poet, without expressing a sentiment of commiseration for the feelings of the nobleman above mentioned, when we call to mind the emotion of horror that must have pervaded his breast, on witnessing the conduct of his son at table, who after all the refined instructions which he had received, was so absolutely destitute of delicacy, as to lick up the juice of a currant tart from his plate, in the presence of his Lordship and a large party; on which occasion, his mortified parent ordered the valet into the chamber, in

From neighbour's glass, with reeking lip,
His draught of table beer to sip,
 With teeth a huge bone gnawing ;
With mouth by gravy quite defac'd,
With elbows on the table plac'd,
 Or other's napkin pawing.

The plate with vary'd meats high pil'd,
The frill and neckcloth both defil'd,
 While meat 'twixt teeth fast sticking,
Since you the cleanly quill disdain,
Forth from its bony prison's ta'en,
 With fork your grinders picking.

order to shave his son, whose physiognomy looked as if it had been lathered with pink instead of white suds.—Carving with your own knife and fork; helping to sauce with your own spoon, licking your fingers, and expressing by the greedy look of the eyes, the ravenous propensity of the stomach, may be ranked among those actions which disgrace the table, and it has even come within the knowledge of the writer, to observe a person at his own house lengthen out the grace before meat, in order to fix upon the particular part of the viand most acceptable to his palate, which he has instantly notified to the company on concluding his *benediction* in order to prevent any other person present from bearing off the darling prize.

Or when you eat, o'er plate to stoop,
And swallow spoon as well as soup,
Or if on table fish is ;
Since you for others scorn to care,
Take all the shrimp sauce to your share,
And after lick the dishes.

If round the board fair dames you view,
On dish of fowls, if there are two,
Four wings 'mongst eight to deal out,
Seize on the finest for your own,
And ere you've one half pick'd the bone,
A second nimbly steal out.

If civil you wou'd hand a plate,
Your elbow thrust 'gainst neighbour's pate,
And then, to mend the matter;
When turning quick, O! dire mishap!
O'erset the wine glass; and in's lap,
The plate's contents bespatter.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Shun ev'ry act which decency disdains,
For he whose object is a polish'd mind,

If heedless of this caution, ne'er attains,
The manners delicate, and soul refin'd.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XVI.

OF AVARICIOUS FOOLS.

Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.

Who is't that hugs his mental bane ?

'Tis avarice *, believe me ;

Whose pleasure is his constant pain,

Thus may the mind deceive thee.

* The following lines from Gay's fable of the Miser and Plutus are well calculated to depict the baneful effects of gold.

Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind,
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill.
Thus when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis av'rice, insolence and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside,

Or we may exclaim with Virgil,

—Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames.

With doting eyes he counts his store,
But ah ! his mind's not cheerful !
Now coveting one hundred more,
Of theft for ever fearful *.

What others give, what others spend,
What others too are hoarding,
Alike he covets to his end,
No joys his life affording.

He never feels that heavenly thrill,
From Charity soft flowing ;
To mercy deaf, his selfish will,
On *self* alone bestowing.

* It is the extraordinary feature of avarice, to toil incessantly for the attainment of that, which, when procured, never affords it the smallest gratification, for we may say with Horace;

Quærit et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.
and in like manner is avarice incessantly punished for the ills which it inflicts on others, for " In nullum avarus bonus est, in se pessimus." In Dodsley's collection is a beautiful Fable of the Sparrow and the Diamond, well calculated to display the extent of this vice ; and the moral of which is admirably adapted to the subject of the present Section.

For gold he lives—for gold he sighs,
Yet, if disease assail him;
The wretch for want of comfort dies*,
Fearful his gold should fail him.

In life no friend, in death no tear,
Save that which flows from pleasure,
Is shed upon the miser's bier,
By those who share his treasure.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Gold is by Avarice misunderstood,
In circulation all it's value's found;
When kept 'tis dross, productive of no good,
And, for man's peace, far better under ground.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

* Abbraccia tal volta la fortuna coloro, che vuol poi
affegare.

SECTION XVII.

OF THE VICE OF SLOTH IN FOOLS.

Go to the Ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways and
be wise. SOLOMON.

I ne'er was loth,
To lash vile sloth,
Of industry the bane * ;
In filthy pride,
To dirt ally'd,
And all its loathsome train.

To stew in bed,
With matted head,

* That being who suffers his mind to remain inert, willingly unbars the portal for the admission of every degrading vice, which imperceptibly usurps emporium over the reason, and thus subjects man to the most degrading state of vassalage : like a lulling opiate it steals over the senses, and while it seems to sooth, carries with it the seeds of destruction. Therefore was it most emphatically said by the satirist :

Vitanda est improba Syren—Desidia.

Of morning breeze afraid ;
With linen vile,
Still more defile,
The skin in filth array'd.

I dare maintain,
That equal pain,
From water such endure ;
As when disease,
Canine doth seize,
The hound—which knows no cure.

Each eve Sloth cries,
Next morn I'll rise,
My business to pursue:
Yet still in sleep,
The mornings creep,
Its business left to do *.

Such is the fate,
Each morn too late,
For sloth must still betray ;

* *Levati per tempo e vedrai, travaglia et haverai.*

And months pass o'er,
As months before,
Which slid in sloth away *.

These ills combin'd,
Defile the mind,
That yields its proud controul;
And filthy vice,
Doth oft entice,
To sins that damn the soul.

* Ross the player, was a striking instance of the powerful fascinations of sloth; for although the most flattering offers were made him by different managers, at various periods, he was so far the slave of idleness, as rather to remain in obscurity at some low public house, while a shilling was left, than embrace the proffered good which presented itself; and it is recorded of him, that he would frequently order a chaise in the morning, which he would suffer to remain in expectation of his coming, until the lapse of time made him postpone his departure until after dinner, and so on to tea, then to supper, when the carriage would be reordered for the ensuing day; which only proved the rehearsal of the former. Sloth may very justly be termed the enemy of virtue, and the foe to science, and it is an old saying, that he who does nothing, is most likely hatching mischief; on which account we will conclude with Seneca's words:

Vitia otii negotio discutienda sunt.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If seeds of sloth in youthful breast e'er lurk,
Pluck forth the noxious weed; this adage tell;
The quick at meat, are ever quick at work,
With such thro' life health, ease and riches
dwell.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XVIII.

OF FOOLISH FLATTERERS AND GLOSSERS.

The lip of truth shall be established for ever, but a
lying tongue is but for a moment. SOLOMON.

These are the fools * that know not why,
Yet always must be civil † ;
Who spite of common sense, will lie,
And shame the very devil.

* Flatterers are the *Will o'the wisps* of fools, who mean nothing, yet lead them into the mire ; and so prevalent is now become this bifronted vice, that

Vitium fuit, nunc mos est, adsentatio.

† The well known Jemmy B——l, the Biographer of the famous Dr. Johnson, who might well be termed his *toad eater* or flatterer, used to narrate the following anecdote of the Lexicographer.

Upon the publication of one of the Doctor's literary performances, Jemmy B——l, on the first of the ensuing month, repaired, according to custom, to the lodgings of his idol with the several Magazines of the day, in order to read the strictures which were given on his per-

You look divinely *, Hal will swear,
Although to him disgusting ;
And Rose loves Ned, beyond compare,
Though Rose for Will is thirsting.

formance. After perusing two or three criticisms, which were not of the most civil kind, the petulance of the Doctor got the better of his good sense, and he exclaimed peevishly,—“ Enough, enough, sir, now you have taken infinite pains to bring an account of what is thought of me individually ; give me leave to ask what you imagine the world says of you and me conjointly.” “ Upon my word Dr. I cannot pretend to say,” answered Jemmy. “ Why then I’ll tell you,” continued the Dr. “ They say that I am a mad dog, sir, and that you are the *tin canister* tied to my tail.”

In the publication of the Dr’s. Tour to the Hebrides, written by the same gentleman, there is an account of the inhabitants of villages flocking out to see the great literary phenomenon, which is alleged as a proof of the veneration in which the Dr. was held by all ranks of society. In a copy of that Tour, which once fell into the hands of the annotator, some sarcastic reader had annexed, in the margin, the following couplet, by no means inapplicable to the parties :

How ev’ry clown must gape and stare,
To see a Monkey lead a Bear !

* Nothing can possibly be so degrading to the mind of

Than Lady Bab, without a joke,
None plays whist so correctly ;
No matter though she may revoke,
She finds it out directly *.

O how enchanting Laura plays,
How syren like her singing ;
Though time and concord dance the hays,
And squalling discord's ringing.

feeling, as the incessant duplicity which characterizes the chit-chat of fashionable societies ; for it is not merely sufficient to know, that the falsehood can be productive of no harm to others, (even should such be the case), for he who does not scruple to debase himself, will not long refrain from injuring others.

Lasino si conosce dall' orecchie, e il matto dal troppo parlare.

* It is most provokingly fulsome, to hear women, only because they are such, receive the adulation of a coxcomb, although the conviction of his palpable flattery stares her in the face. But, if the female who tolerates his prattle, were other than his companion in folly, she would be led to resent rather than feel gratified at the falsehood, for Pope has truly said,

Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise.

A place ? 'tis yours, exclaims Lord D—
 His promise merely rotten ;
 Command my interest, swears M. P.—
 Soon said—as soon forgotten *.

The friend, the foe ; the love, the hate :
 The word of God from sinner,
 Who loud extols a future state,
 Yet better loves his dinner †.

* These are the species of deceivers, of whom it may be said with truth, "*Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*;" for they not only promise without the least intention of performing, but by fallaciously flattering the hopes of the petitioner, make him neglect pursuits which would enable him to live with credit, and not reduce him to the state of a slave and pander, while loss of precious time too frequently brings on beggary, and the loathsome confines of a gaol.

† How often does the sanctified flatterer practise on the minds of bigots, and at the very moment when his panegyrics are passed on holy writ, his thoughts are perhaps down in the kitchen, where from the savory effluvia which catches his nose, he learns that a goose will that day be his fare. These are a class of glossers who add profaneness to hypocrisy, using the sacred name of Omnipotence to pamper their appetites and fill their purses.

*Adulandi gens prudentissima laudat,
 Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici.*

Bifronted fool, if such thy store,
I grant thee wondrous cunning ;
A salve thou hast for ev'ry sore,
Then stop thy tongue from running.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

As basest coin will frequently deceive,
The flatt'rer equally may current pass ;
For vanity prompts ideots to believe,
Who fool'd are by their kindred friend, *an ass.*

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XIX.

OF THE VANITY OF FOOLS.

—————It is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.——

That ideot never will his sense regain,
Who in the vortex of his course is jolly;
And even of his own disgrace is vain,
Vaunting aloud preeminence * in folly.

* Diffidence is the characteristic feature of wisdom, which never conceives that it hath attained to the summit of excellence, while there yet remains any thing to be acquired. Whereas, "a little wisdom is a dangerous thing," and when possessed by shallow wits, is very frequently conducive to evil effects, involving in its disgrace, all such as placed reliance on its efficacy. Speaking of those self-sufficient fools, we may apply the words of Solomon.

"There is a generation ; O ! how lofty are their eyes, and their eyelids are lifted up !"

In shallow wits, this feature's always found,
For vanity's to ideots close ally'd ;
Truth is rejected for the simple sound,
And sterling worth for gaudy senseless pride.

With fools no fault is undeserving praise,
Since all their merit but consists in failing ;
So he doth most his reputation raise,
Who in opposing sense, is loudest railing.

Thus when the giddy fool doth most conceive,
He struts knight fam'd of Reason's chivalry ;
Men at his weakness laugh but in their sleeve,
Despise the fool and all his vanity *.

* Poets have ever been deemed the slaves of vanity ; nor should we omit Musicians and Players, who may well boast in this respect, the palm of folly. Among the latter class, none was perhaps ever more famed, than the great Garrick, who would even debase himself so far as to feel gratified at the panegyrics of his own barber. That poets, however, should have a share of vanity is not so surprising, when we consider that they are never governed by reason, which is the first step towards wisdom. In fine, we will conclude this head, by stating of a vain man, that

“He is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men who can render a reason.”

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The wisest of us hath no cause to boast,
Conceit with fools alone is deem'd a feast ;
For in those breasts where reason rules the roast,
The most enlighten'd seem to know the least.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XX.

OF USURIOUS FOOLS.

He that, by usury and unjust gain, increaseth his substance, He shall gather it for him that will pity the poor.
SOLOMON.

THE sordid wretch, on gold intent,
Will take, unblushing, cent. per cent. * :
Nor heed the anguish those sustain,
Who owe their ruin to his gain.
On lucre gluts the avaricious mind ;
For which it sells the welfare of mankind.

* Usury walks arm in arm with avarice ; for, although it does not hoard its pelf from the public, it never dispenses it but with the certainty of restitution with *swinging* interest ; for the cry is, *gold begets gold* : and, although the adage may be verified by all such as have it at command, and will lend it out at usury, they, nevertheless, will find in the sequel, that satisfaction doth not attend its increase ; for happiness kicks the beam, leaving them the slaves of unceasing anxiety, apprehension, and fear. *L'avaro quanto più hà, tanto più è bisognoso.*

Not more doth screech-owl shock the ear
Of music, than, if us'ers hear
That legal interest you uphold,
When talking of the worth of gold.
Such is their love of the Peruvian store,
That Israel's golden calf they all adore.

Nay, since that hour, each Jewish elf
Hath prov'd that he's a calf himself.
For gold did Judas Christ betray :
And usury the tribes obey *.
'Tis Croesus constitutes their sole delight.
No matter so they've gold, how they come by't.

* Although in this stanza the poet hath, according to custom, levelled his shafts at the descendants of Abraham, the Christians are no less reluctant than themselves in amassing gold at any price : and I very much question, if there are not existing among us many Judas's, who would not scruple at any sacrifice, so that wealth was but the purchase : for as religion, honour, and probity, have long been discarded by all ranks of society, in order to its attainment, I conceive that there would be no difficulty in bringing Christians to the perpetration of any crime in the service of Croesus. Yet, let such fools remember,

Remember well this sterling rule,
The spendthrift is not more a fool,
Than he, by whose usurious theft,
The prodigal's of lands bereft.
One spends as dross, till bow'd by want's fell
rod :
To other no duty owns.—His gold his god.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Temper instruction, so that youth may learn
What constitutes of wealth the sterling bliss.
Teach him, alike the two extremes to spurn :
For he who treads the middle path can't miss.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Bene est cui Deus obtulit
Parca quod satis est manu.



SECTION XXI.

OF FOOLS WHO SUPERINTEND THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

For one man, out of his own skin,
To frisk, and whip another's sin :
As pedants out of *school boys'* breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.

To ye, starch'd dames, whose birchen trade is
The art of breaking in young ladies.
Of ye, in sooth, I needs must chatter ;
For ye know nothing of the matter *.

* There is scarcely any set of fools that call more loudly for the lash of satire, than these guardians of the rising generation. That schools are of utility, is beyond all doubt : but sorry am I to say, that they are too frequently converted into abuses. It hath very frequently come within mine own knowledge, to witness the conduct of boarding-school misses, when they have attained the ages of fourteen and fifteen : at such times I have beheld them enter the presence of the lady governess, hanging

their heads, as Mrs. Cowley very characteristically observes, like dead partridges. Speak to them in French, and they are sure to reply in English. Request to hear some specimen of their performance on the piano forte, and you may then set it down for granted, that all the powers of affectation will be called forth, in order to plead a silly excuse. Follow them from the august presence of *madam*, to the interior of their own chambers, and there you will find all the little arts of petty intrigue and coquettish blandishments practised. In short, these misses are complete masqueraders, blushing at things they should not comprehend, and facing those faults with the most daring effrontery, which they should feel shame in owning. Such are, however, the effects resulting from the present system of education: whereas we never scarcely see a school-girl enter a room with noble confidence, and reply with firm, yet modest diffidence, to a question proposed. Had I a daughter, she should not remain at one of these seminaries, after the attainment of her tenth year; for, until that period, the childish imagination wantons with playful frivolity; it resists the curb of restraint, as far as relates to the operations of the mind, solely engrossed by the trifling gratifications, resulting from play and baubles. In short, till that period, all is well: nor would it be amiss if our legislature, like that of ancient Athens, was to establish public seminaries for the youth of both sexes, where every moral and religious duty was nourished and brought to perfection; and not nipped in the bud by starched, unnecessary forms.

Instead of mentally advancing,
Your miss's first grand object's dancing* ;
By which one truth I must reveal is,
Empty's the head, as light the heel is †.

If the mind cannot elicit one way, it certainly will another: and thence we find, that among the many, some will propagate bad, and others, good. But instead of watching these several propensities which should constitute the leading principle of tutors, they, on the contrary, attend to surface only; which is a sufficient reason why the propensity to evil so much overbalances the practice of good.

* To such an extravagant pitch has this accomplishment arrived, that, instead of the mere steps which formerly constituted its excellence, being deemed sufficient for the ball-room, every little miss must now emulate the Opera House ladies, whose manners, a few years since, excited such disgust in the eyes of the lawn sleeved right reverends of the woolpack: and, indeed, we may exclaim with the Roman, in speaking of the conduct of our misses in this particular:

Saltabat melius quam necesse est probæ.

† To hear the battle of Prague most unmercifully crucified by one of these expert daughters of Euterpe, who is not only devoid of *taste* but *ears*, hath frequently been the lot of the writer, whose feelings can only be conceived by those that have suffered a similar torture. Such I conceive to be one of the insufferable miseries of human life.

Next, to ensure the brilliant sortie,
Miss strikes the grand piano forté ;
Knows lessons, airs, duets, in plenty,
And plays the octave of Clementi.
And, as the body's decoration
Employs one half of this great nation,
Miss to that *science* is inducted,
And in each petty art instructed.

The jabb'ring of ill spoken French is
The learning of our pretty wenches,
With now and then Italian smatter,
I poco, Signor, and such matter ;
And, as from innocence they wander,
With brazen mask, hear *double entendre*.
The modest blush must be translated ;
And miss's front with brass be plated.

Wisdom by folly's thus perverted,
And ev'ry moral controverted :
The sound, the sense : the heel the head is :
Feather the one ; the other lead is :
Flightiness, wit : modesty, primness :
Study romance : and science, dimness ;

In fine, my dames, your *sapient* * rules are
Fitted to prove your pupils fools are †.

* E da un matto voler insegnare non havendo imperato.

† This is not to be wondered at, when we consider the contents of the foregoing stanzas of the poet. But in order to make the reader better acquainted with *causes*, it is necessary to observe, that the more masters the pupil hath, the more money is derived by the preceptors. As to the idea of genius in the scholar, that is never taken into consideration; and I have literally seen *school drawings* that would have disgraced an Ouran Outang. And to speak truly of the persons employed to teach at seminaries, they are but the fag end, the tag rag and bobtail of proficients in those very arts they pretend to be so well schooled in; and I must confess that they very frequently reminded me of the old woman, who took infinite pains to teach her boy to milk a boar. But to the point: it is truly surprising to see how easily a school bill is whipped up, what with entrances of masters, or rather *labourers*; charges for books which were never had; usage of the globes and piano forte, whose tones might well vie with the clank that resounds from a cracked tin kettle; and the more genteel sum which is tacked to the account, for miss being a parlour boarder, who is honoured with slip slop tea and a bit of the brown off the meat. These are the wheels within wheels that set so many seminaries in motion. Apropos: I had very nearly forgotten to descant on the topic of whipping, which is generally followed up pretty smartly by old

maids, who revenge their own disappointments and ill humours on the breeches of their pupils : and although, in this instance, they adhere to the text of Solomon, who saith, *He that spareth his rod hateth his son ; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes ;* and Butler also, who, speaking of flogging, says,

Whipping, that's virtue's governess ;

Tutress of arts and sciences :

That mends the gross mistakes of nature,

And puts new life into dull matter :

yet I am rather of opinion with Terence, who thus emphatically expresseth himself :

Pudore et liberalitate liberos

Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.

And now, by way of leave-taking, let me use the lines of Butler to these heads of schools :

Can you, that understand all books,

By judging only with your looks ?

Unriddle all that mankind knows,

With solid bending of your brows.

All arts and sciences advance,

With screwing of your countenance :

And, with a penetrating eye,

Into th' abstrusest learning pry ;

And yet have no art, true or false,

To help your own bad naturals :

But still the more you strive t'appear,

Are found to be the wretcheder.

For fools are known by looking wise,

As men find woodcocks by their eyes.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Good sense and reason never yet were found,
By teaching youth externally to shine :
The gem's procur'd by delving under ground.
Be yours the task to make the brain the mine.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXII.

OF PRODIGAL FOOLS.

Zonam perdidit.

GOLD, thou says't, is free to spend,
Free to borrow, free to lend,
And free to fool away *.
Thou ne'er heeds't its precious loss ;
Gold, to thee, but worthless dross :
Yet gold makes ideots gay.

* In all ages hath this propensity been the characteristic of human nature : for instance, in Egypt the fascinating Cleopatra swallowed her pearl ; at Rome, gold dust served as powder for the heads of the great, and was scattered for sand upon the spacious arena, to be trampled on by gladiators, or prize fighters, and their kindred friends, bulls and wild beasts ; and in our own country a courtesan, Kitty Fisher, to display her contempt for money, and turn the fool into ridicule who thought her favours were to be so cheaply purchased, swallowed, between two slices of bread and butter, the donation of a fifty pounds bank bill, which had been so

Gold procures rich viands, drink :
If'twould make the fool but think,
And learn him all its worth :
Then would gold most precious be,
Teaching spendthrift fools like thee,
That want exists on earth.

Wines, and meats, and gay attire ;
Wanton fair ones ; fierce desire ;
Gold may compass with a youth.
Gone thine ore ; then viands, dress,
Women—nay, desire grows less :
For fools then learn this truth.

Having all their substance spent,
Strove to borrow where they've lent,
And freely giv'n away :

presented to her: nay, all ranks have their ideas on this head; and sailors, when returned from a prosperous cruize, having exhausted every natural art that could be pursued to gratify their doxies, have even been known to fry twenty *watches* in a pan, that they might place an extravagant dish upon the table. But this tallies with the old saying,

“ Gotten like horses, and spent like asses.”

Viands, drink, and wantons fly:
 Then they learn fell poverty
 Attends their locks when grey*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Why will the fool all common sense disdain,
 And in his breast want's barbed arrow plant?
 Why hug false joys, forerunners of his bane,
 When he may reap instruction from the ant?

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

* Who can possibly contemplate the life of the great and philosophical Lord Bacon, and not feel enhorrored at this most pernicious folly, which not only contaminates the base and illiterate mind, but when indulged in, as in the instance of this enlightened character, is capable of subverting every noble effusion, and trampling under foot the combined attributes of reason, study, and the most consummate science.

L'argento arde le genti.



SECTION XXIII.

OF CURIOUS AND PRYING FOOLS.

Tractant fabrilis fabri.

O SAY, thou silly, curious elf,
Hast thou nought else to do thyself,
Than be the meddling doct, and try
In other men's concerns to pry ?
Is there, in thee, no cause for blame,
When thou would'st publish others' shame ?
Say, when thou pick'st the hole in other's coat,
Art sure thou row'st not in the self same boat*?

* This itch for discovering the faults of others, and acting the part of censor with respect to those very vices we are ourselves addicted to, is, by no means, confined to any particular class of society, nor to either sex ; as men and women are equally subject to the contagion : of whom we may say with Cicero,

Est proprium stultitiæ aliorum cernere vitia : oblivisci suorum.

Thou, cunning, finds't out John to be
Contented cuckold *, just like thee.

Curiosity does not only brand its votary with the stigma of meanness; but is very frequently productive of more dangerous consequences. In sacred writ, even the command of Heaven was not sufficient to allay this desire: as the wife of Lot, for her folly and punishment, testifies. And, according to the fable of the ancients, Orpheus, the renowned son of Apollo and Calliope, for disobedience to the ordinance of Pluto, lost his beloved wife Eurydice.

* The poet, certainly, could not have hit upon a discovery more easily to be made, at the present period; and the disgrace of which is more likely to be attachable to the discoverer; for the wives of this age afford an ample field for the scrutiny of prying fools; of whom it may be said with justice, that "Listeners hear no good of themselves;" as it is ten to one but the story applies to them, equally with the person of whom it is related. Thus every man hides his own antlers under the hood of his neighbour.

In the fairy tales of the Countess d'Aulnoi, is an excellent story, well calculated as a lesson on this head, which runs as follows:

"Fouribon, (the hump-backed prince) followed the queen, without saying a word: but stopped at the door, and laid his ear to the key-hole, putting his hair aside, that he might the better hear what was said. At the

And, while thou'rt scoffing, pr'ythee, mark,
At thee thy dame jeers with her spark :
Or, with a wench, if wedded, Will
His carnal purpose should fulfil :
Think not, when thou enact'st the same fond
game,
But others know, and all thy sin proclaim.

Hast thou thy course so even run,
That thou need'st know thy neighbour's dun?
With thee so jocund passeth time,
That folly's peal doth never chime ;
That thou, in conscious purity
Unblushing, others' faults may'st see ?
Away, conceited fool ; some plan devise,
To hoodwink men ; for they, like thee, have
eyes.

same time Leander entered the court-hall of the palace, with his red cap upon his head, so that he was not to be seen ; and perceiving Fouribon listening at the door of the king's chamber, he took a nail and an hammer, and nailed his ear to the door." The tale then proceeds to relate, that the cries of Fouribon reaching his mother, she flew to the portal ; when, in the hurry of opening it, to learn the cause of his distress, she adds to his first punishment, by tearing off the ear which had been so nailed to the door.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The curious fool, who others' acts must know,
Finds out the semblance of his own disgrace ;
And, while he ridicules their faults, doth show
His own reflected, as on mirror's face.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXIV.

OF THE FOOL THAT IS JEALOUS OF HIS
WIFE WITHOUT A CAUSE.

For jealousy is the rage of a man : therefore he will
not spare in the day of vengeance.

The jealous fool, though bless'd with prudent
wife,

Knows not the value of the gem he wears ;
Corrosive poison gangrenes all his life,
And each connubial joy is strew'd with cares.

The purest mirth to him seems vicious joy,
The silent sadness speaks unlicens'd love ;
Fancies—his wife's calm pleasures thus destroy,
Though chaste as snow, and gentle as the
dove* .

* The dire effects of this dreadful passion are most inimitably displayed in the well known Tragedy of Othello, where a noble unsuspecting nature is wrought upon by the base arts of an insidious villain, and truly indeed may Iago exclaim :

The kind attention to politeness due,
Though offer'd by the dearest of his friends,
Will rouse the demon till revenge pursue ;
Thus love in jealousy's fell hatred ends.

" My medicine works ! Thus credulous fools are caught ; and many worthy and chaste dames, even thus (all guiltless) meet reproach."

In vain may beauty and the voice of innocence cry out; jealousy hath no ears but for revenge, no satisfaction but in blood ; it is a monster that gluts upon its proper bane, feeding with fancies, the corrosive poison that destroys all peace. For though it dreads the truth it seeks to ascertain, yet will it not give credence to the fact that would afford it consolation: 'tis thus with Othello, speaking to his wife before the murder :

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal : thou art to die.

In the Tragedy of The Revenge, is also depicted the dire effects of this raging passion, which, like a whirlwind, sweeps every thing away in its destructive course, or as the resistless torrent, that, dashing from some maddening height, bears away in its vortex every thing that would oppose its fury; even so doth vengeful jealousy carry with it universal destruction.

Absent new fears assail, then home like thief,
He sneaks to verify the fancy'd ill ;
And though all's well, but short-liv'd the relief,
A word or look new jealous thoughts instil.

Thus always tortur'd, always fill'd with fear,
Nor time, nor long conviction cures thy pain ;
And though thou hat'st the object once most
dear,
Fell jealousy inhabits still thy brain.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

With care select from womankind a wife,
For many are the blanks in wedlock's wheel ;
Who does not, plants at home eternal strife,
Since death alone his jealous pangs can heal.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXV.

OF FOOLS THAT KNOW AND ARE INSTRUMENTAL TO THEIR WIVES' INCONSTANCY.

Maritus

Nauseat atque oculis vilem substringit opertis.

WHAT madman is't ; what kind of fool,
That thus defies each decent rule,
And makes himself a handle ?
Who backs his wife's foul impudence,
And proves to her incontinence,
A wretch to hold the candle * ?

* Theophilus Cibber affords a striking instance of human depravity of this species ; who purposely connived at the incontinence of his wife with Mr. Sloper, that he might receive his money, and also extort from him heavy damages, by an action of *Crim. con.* which was instituted, but to little effect, for, on hearing the evidence, the infamy of the Plaintiff was so conspicuous, that the Jury awarded him Ten Pounds damages, and, to increase his punishment, the public were so exasperated at his conduct, that Cibber found it impossible to appear on the

Can such be man, whose soul divine,
Should ev'ry godlike act combine,
That honours virtue's name ?
Can human nature thus efface,
Each trait of purity and grace,
And wear the badge of shame.

The beasts of field, the birds of air,
Will guard their mates with jealous care,
Nor own such vice disgusting ;
They boast an instinct more refin'd,
Than such foul fools, though blest with mind,
For shame impure thus lusting.

Is gold possess'd of charm so rare,
To make a man thus yield his fair,

stage in this country afterwards, in consequence of which he embarked for Ireland, when the vessel was lost, and Cibber drowned ; but, that we may not confine ourselves to fools of so late a period, we need only refer to the history of *Pasiphaë*, queen of Crete, who had a son and heir by her gallant lover, a *Bull*, which was most condescendingly fathered by her cornuted lord.

To be by lust polluted * ?
Then other fools their course may run,
For 'mongst the throng, so vile, there's none,
As he who's self cornuted.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Fly from foul infamy, nor thus entice,
Thy weaker half to play the wanton's part ;
Murder not others with the damning vice,
That stabs thy reputation to the heart.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

*The Curious Impertinent affords an instance of a different nature, respecting fools of this species, where the hero of the tale, anxious to prove the fidelity of his wife, requests his bosom friend to make love to her, in order to make trial of her constancy; which is accordingly done, and with such success, that the husband has to thank himself for the horns he wears. This is not, however, the worst species of folly, for, however the reader may dispute the veracity of the ensuing statement, it is nevertheless grounded in truth. An individual, who shall be nameless, was in the habit of taking his wife every evening to the piazzas of Covent Garden, where he left her,

in order to procure money, the wages of her own prostitution, and, if it so happened that she returned without such ill acquired gain, he was in the habit of chastising her severely; but with respect to the gratification of venality; through the medium of this degrading vice; how many husbands are there not, who wilfully put their wives in the way of *great men*, in order that they may gain their ends, heedless of the cries of conscience, and the goading sting of shame. Chi suoi vizii non donna, nelle sue mani la sua vergogna porta.

SECTION XXVI.

OF FOOLS THAT ARE PASSIONATE AT TRIFLES.

*Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum.*

A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both.

HARK, how the boist'rous fool will dash on,
And prove the slave to's idle passion *;

* Sir John Perrot, the natural son of King Henry VIII. was very much addicted to passion, and was the first person who swore by *God's wounds*, now vulgarly termed *sounds*. In one of these fits of rage, he so far incensed Queen Elizabeth, that she ordered him into confinement in the Tower, where he continued for some time, until the queen, on account of their consanguinity, determined on giving him his liberty, and in consequence sent a message to indicate her pleasure, which happened to be at the momentous period of the threatened Invasion of England by the Spaniards; upon which Sir John having recourse to his accustomed oath, vowed that she only accorded this grace in order to command his services, for that he well knew, she would p—s herself through fear;

Now execrate, like madman raving,
 And stamp as hard as paviors paving ;
 And all for what ?
 Why, Nan, his daughter,
 Hath brought in pot
 Some luke-warm water ;
 Whereas papa, though long at bristles toiling,
 Can never shave them clean, unless 'tis boiling.

which insolent reply being delivered to Elizabeth, so incensed her, that she changed her resolution, and in consequence, Sir John Perrot died in the Tower, a prisoner. Various fools have various ways of indulging this pernicious propensity,

———Unus utrique error,

Sed variis illudit partibus ;

of whom it may truly be said, according to the opinion of Butler,

The difference was so small, his brain

Outweigh'd his *rage* but half a grain ;

Which made some take him for a tool

That knaves do work with, call'd a *Fool*.

The splenetic Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, should not be omitted, whose occult science was vested in his toe ; of whom Pliny saith, Pollicis in dextro pede tactu Lienos medebatur.

Mark how his face, with ire first reddens,
To ashy pale his cheek then deadens ;
His inoffensive locks now tearing,
And knuckles too his passion sharing,

 Whilst he, with look
 Of harden'd sinner,
 Blasphemes his cook,
 Too late with dinner :

Or, d—n's the stew, 'fore which the maid's been
 toiling,
Then raves and swears at rump-steak, scorch'd
 while broiling.

Now hark the bell's loud peal's resounding,
Dire knell ! the servants' minds astounding ;
Each runs, appall'd, to hear the volley,
Of dread abuse from passion's folly,

 And all for what ?
 Oh mischief subtle,
 John hath forgot,
 Coals in the scuttle ;
Though at that instant might the grate have
 boasted,
A fire 'fore which an ox might have been roasted.

Sometimes forgetful in his hurry,
He puts his wife in dreadful flurry ;
Storms like the roar of ocean's billow,
For why ? no night-cap's on his pillow ;
While, smiling, this
Her quick response is,
" You judge amiss,
For on your scone 'tis :"
E'en so for's pen he'll quarrel oft be picking,
While from his ear, the goose's quill's forth
sticking.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Passion to madness is so near ally'd,
Thou may'st without it give the wise offence;
From whence this sterling truth can't be deny'd,
Such fools commit *felo de se* on sense.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXVII.

OF FOOLS WHO RELY ON THE STABILITY OF FORTUNE.

—Fortuna vitrea est, tum cum splendet frangitur :

Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.

O LISTEN, fool, and if there's yet one grain,
Of common sense in thy too senseless brain ;
As well may'st thou rely on Fortune's * smile, .
As strive these contraries to reconcile.

* It is certainly a fact, that fools are the favoured of Fortune, but not that race which studies to court her ; for the caprice of the lady is so notorious, that she will only force herself upon those who either treat her with contempt, or never think about her.

For though dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon *thee* for a while ;
She'll after show *thee* in the nick,
Of all *thy* glories, a dog trick.

The haughty and vainglorious Bajazet was the occupant of the very iron cage which he had caused to be

When Bond street milliner shall live correct,
 And harlots walk in Quaker robes bedeckt ;
 When doctors disregard their wonted fees,
 And great Napoleon's navy rules the seas ;
 When Pall Mall loungers study common sense,
 And high bred ladies sport no impudence ;
 When lords give satisfaction to their duns,
 And vet'ran soldiers shoot not with long guns.
 When orators no sep'rate parties join,
 And citizens disdain the plump sirloin ;

constructed for the prison of his enemy, and after all his grandeur, it has been said that he became his own executioner, by beating his brains out against the bars of that very engine which denoted his degradation, and displayed his downfall to the eyes of every gaping fool.

The renowned *Kouli Khan*, whose conquering arms subdued the vast empire of Mogul, was stopped in his career by the hand of one of his own officers, who murdered him in his tent: but, were we to expatiate on this topic, and adduce every circumstance of a similar nature, in order to prove the instability of Fortune, no folio volume would be sufficient to comprize the catalogue; therefore, to fools of this cast, we will conclude with an excellent line of Sallust.

Divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis.

When members of Saint Stephen's gain their
seats,
By independence, void of lies and treats ;
When Bank directors note fam'd Newland's
bills,
And Taylor swallows down his own fam'd pills ;
When angry Boreas vies with Brahan's strain,
And Cæsar fights his battles o'er again ;
When halt and blind shall the fandango dance,
And Garrat's mayor usurp the throne of France ;
When parson shall forget his wonted text,
And debtor sleep without a mind perplex'd ;
When poet shall be dumb, musician meek,
An actor sober, and a curate sleek :
When rich exchange their state with wretched
poor,
And Hampshire swine dance *minuet de la
cour* ;
Then Fortune's favours thou wilt justly see,
Dispens'd on merit :—Not on fools like thee.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Fortune the ancients justly pictur'd blind,
And so is he that on her gifts relies ;
But when cool reason's dictates sway the mind,
On self will it depend, and thus be wise.

OF FOOLISH DEPENDENTS ON FORTUNE. 113

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

**Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.**

SECTION XXVIII.

OF FOOLISH SCOFFERS AND BACKBITERS.

Si nous n'avions point de défauts, nous ne prendrions pas tant de plaisir à en remarquer dans les autres.

Some fools I've heard, whose wicked* wit,
 Hath levell'd been 'gainst virtue's fame;
 But when they thought the goal to hit,
 The shaft rebounded to their shame.
 For oft derision's laugh hath yielded place,
 To silly shame, so fitting folly's face.

* There is no vice more prevalent than the above, which, not content with slandering, where perhaps the lash is in some degree merited, will equally attack those whose lives are the most irreproachable; for, according to the French proverb, *La moitié du monde prend plaisir à medire, & l'autre moitié à croire les medisances*; which acts as a sufficient incentive to the garrulity of this class of fools. Yet howsoever the slanderer may conceive himself secure, danger will frequently attend this *ca-coethes loquendi*, for none are more tenacious than those who feel convinced of their own integrity; and it should

Show me the man, who feels endu'd,
With mind so matchless as to say ;
" I may insult with laughter rude ;
All others' faults, none dares say nay,"
Till such an one shall bless the human race,
The scoffer shall but seal his own disgrace.

Others there are so prone to spite,
That, if they cannot faults descry,
They still must churlish strive to bite,
And wound by telling some mean lie,
Which when discover'd, truth resumes her place.
And triumph's banish'd from the liar's face.

be remembered, that, " Fame damna majora, quam quæ estimari possuit ;" let the fool therefore be prepared for the worst, whose pleasure consists in defamation. I had nearly forgotten to instance one set of men, who, although they pride themselves on their abilities, are notwithstanding the most determined advocates for this species of folly, by which I allude to the occupants of the opposition Bench in the House of Commons ; who, while out of place, brand with every opprobrious epithet the very men and measures which they will the next day extol to the very skies, if taken into *ministerial* favour.

Full oft we find such vile deceit,
Upon itself a curse bestow ;
For when expected least 'twill meet,
In him bely'd a deadly foe.
In vain repentance comes ; how chang'd his
case,
He laughs—but on the wrong side of his face !

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If you your scoffing and your wit must deal,
And backbite, to ensure the praise of fools ;
Take special care, for ten to one you'll feel,
How dang'rous 'tis to battle with edge tools.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.



SECTION XXIX.

OF FOOLS THAT DO OTHER MEN'S BUSINESS,
AND NEGLECT THEIR OWN.

Aliena negotia curo, excussus propriis.

SOME oafs there are so condescending,
so vastly fond of men's commending,
so prone at all times to be civil,
as to enact the thing that's evil.

Yet, when they thus the point attain,
And by their loss cause others' gain,
The world at large pursues one rule,
Forgets the favour and the fool*.

* These are a silly tribe of ideots, who find their own concerns in life so vastly smooth, that they must needs waddle in the puddle of other men's disquietudes and illies, which are thereby very frequently transferred from the back of the sufferer to that of the fool who would be waddling; but that the reader may not say that I adduce facts without a proof, let me only ask him if he ever affixed his name to a promissory note for a distressed friend, without having himself to honour it, and on his reply will I

A thousand proofs might be related,
 Of time thus idly dissipated ;
 Yet none so well suits my reflection,
 As busy fools at an Election * :

Who think themselves the bless'd of fate,
 In dining with the candidate ;
 Who, when return'd, pursues one rule,
 For *place* discarding *rights* and *fool*.

Yet such is not the sole punishment ;
 Of ills oft rise a coalition ;

ground my position. Let it not, however, be understood, that I mean to render every man selfish, and a niggard of his kindness, for such is by no means my intention ; on the contrary, no man should withhold from extending his hand to support the falling, so long as he can conscientiously say, he neither injures himself or those connected with him : but it is to the stupid fool I would speak, who, discarding every rational caution, will, in despite of reason, clap his neck into the halter.

* The folly of electioneering fools is, perhaps, of all others, the most conspicuous, for not only time is lost, to the prejudice of the man's family who embarks in this species of servitude, but he generally bestows his labour on one, whose first step will be to barter the liberty of his constituents for a place or a pension.

Which proves the stupid dolt's undoing,
Who would be others' work pursuing.

'Tis then his *quondam* friends turn tail,
And he who serv'd 'em rots in gaol ;
Where, though too late, he learns this rule,
Who serves all but himself's—a fool.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

None is so able favours to bestow,
As he whose labour gains the promis'd end ;
By industry thus teaching men to know,
Who serves himself, can others' wants befriend.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXX.

OF FOOLS WHO COLLECT OLD BOOKS AND PRINTS.

Picciola cosa da lontano portata è da tutti molto bramata.

Is it to read this dolt doth buy,
Of books so large a quantity,
Which he can't comprehend :
Of classics prime editions rare,
No stain, no worm hole—title fair,
And margin without * ?

What mean those piles of musty store,
These tiers of old black letter lore,

* This rage, which we will denominate *Cacoethes Carpendi*, has been carried by a set of asses to the most ridiculous pitch ; as an extra inch of margin to a book has commanded ten times the price of an equally fine copy of the work without it ; as if the sublimity of Homer, or the wit of Horace was heightened by this additional width of the blank paper that skirts the text of the author.

With wood-cuts so terrific ?
 Of *Caxton* fam'd—*Wykyn de Worde*,
 Of *Pynson's*, *Copland's*, all the herd,
 Whose types are hieroglyphic *.

Say is't for study you ne'er fail,
 For quarto play † or tract at sale,
 To bid as if quite crazy ?
 No, by the bindings, sense must laugh,
 Fine gilt morocco, russia calf,
 Proclaim the muse is lazy.

* Most of the works that issued from the presses of the above early printers, are illustrated with cuts so rudely executed, as frequently to appear like any thing but what they are really intended to represent; yet in the eyes of black-letter collectors, these deformities possess the most invincible charm; for as to the matter of the work, that never constitutes any part of the pleasure of these gentlemen; let the book be but perfect; and in good condition, and no more is required.

† Interludes, Quarto plays and Tracts, have produced prices that may well brand their purchasers with the name of fools. What man of understanding would believe that the first edition of a play would produce £.80, while the same drama, printed at a later period, may be procured for sixpence? Or who would credit, that an interlude,

**Tis all for silly pride and show,
That book worms like thyself may know,
And envy thee the bliss;
Which must arise with men so sage,
Who only read the title page,
Of such old works *raris* :**

**Or what surprise would seize a stranger,
To view an illustrated Granger*,
With Faithornes, Passes, Hollars;
Where he might be indulg'd with peep
At *Mull'd Sake**, famous chimney sweep,
Which cost three hundred dollars.**

or tract, possessing neither rhyme nor reason, nor even an incident to afford instruction of any kind, will be knocked down by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, &c. &c. for five, ten, or fifteen guineas; yet these are facts that will stand the test of inquiry, and stamp their possessors well worthy the title which the poet has bestowed upon them.

* The work above alluded to, gives an account of the several engravings of Englishmen that are extant, as well as Foreigners who have visited this country, to the period of the Revolution, among which are many rare prints mentioned, from the gravers of the artists here adverted to, and among the rest is an engraving of an infamous character, called *Mull'd Sake*, who not only followed the

Or else behold in wooden cut,
Nell Rummin * filthy sottish slut,
 Or *Hopkins*, foe to witches :
 Or *Skelton* poet, all as like
 To human faces as a pike,
 To postboy's leather breeches.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The senseless dolt, who buys rare works for show,
 Is but the baby-man with gilded toy ;
 Content his eyes, nor more he seeks to know,
 In saperface concentrates all his joy.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each *Rara Avis*,
 Crowds flock to man my *Stultifera Navis*.

employ of a chimney sweeper, but was also a most notorious cheat and thief. This fellow, who had nothing but his infamy to recommend him, is, however, rendered of infinite consequence to the collectors of Granger portraits ; for this simple reason, that the print alluded to is supposed to be *unique*, and on that account alone, the writer very much questions whether if a second impression of the portraiture of this most celebrated character was exposed to public auction, it would not be knocked down for £.50 to some fool of a Col'ector.

* Eleanor Rummin, the keeper of a filthy alehouse in

the reign of Henry VIII. has been handed down to the notice of posterity by some wretched, disgusting lines of Skelton, the Poet Laureate of that day, who is another person mentioned above; while Matthew Hopkins, a notorious impostor in the reign of James I. practising on the credulity of that period, pretended to discover witches, by which he made considerable profit, though at the expense of nearly one hundred lives, which were sacrificed to his abominable practices, until he himself being accused of witchcraft, fell at last a victim to the very methods pursued by himself for the discovery of the black art in others. Of these three individuals, wood-cuts are extant, which are mentioned by Granger, as likenesses, though scarcely resembling human countenances, notwithstanding which, from their rarity, they are not only sought after with avidity, but, if offered to sale, would be purchased at the most extravagant price.

SECTION XXXI.

OF FOOLISH ANTIQUARIES.

Vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.

Lo ! here's indeed, a rare collection .
Of fools, well form'd to cause reflection :
Of dolts, by whom a trifle's cherish'd,
Which, 'neath time's with'ring hand hath
perish'd.
Whose sapient brain, from modern works, no
pleasure knows :
Dotes on crack'd *urn Etruscan*—*bust* without a
nose.

Or now, behold, quite black and crummy,
Some perfect truss'd Egyptian mummy ;
Or else, perhaps, to crown his bliss, sir,
A toe of queen *Semiramis*, sir ;

Or valiant Hector's tooth, beyond denial;
Or *tear** of Dido, safe preserv'd in phial.

Or, if with old late times comparing,
See Egbert's tunic† worse for wearing ;
Or else of Ethelbert the boot, sir,
Or famous cup‡ of Hardi Knute, sir ;

* The poet, in this line, has had an eye to the excellent after-piece of *Modern Antiques*, which cannot be too frequently performed, to expose the false taste of these votaries of folly, of whom we may well say,

Tutte le pietre non sono gemino.

† The writer was well acquainted with a virtuoso, who preserved, with the most scrupulous care, a scrap of the robe, found in the coffin of King John, at Winchester ; who was also present at the opening of the vault, containing the remains of Edward the Fourth : on which occasion he tasted the pickle, found in the leaden receptacle of that monarch, in order to discover, if possible, of what liquids it was composed.—Oh, what a relish !

‡ The history of this cup must ever excite a smile on the countenance of individuals, who are not enslaved by this extraordinary taste for relics of antiquity ; and that the reader, therefore, may not accuse me of selfishness, I will, in as few words as possible, make him acquainted with the fact. Mr. Steevens, who, for some particular reason, did not feel any great predilection for the Anti-

Which, doubtless, from th' inscription, held
his Rhenish wine,
Because Shaksperian Steevens carv'd himself
the line.

quarian Society, caused a cup to be constructed of stone, on which he engraved some rude Saxon characters, apparently intimating, from broken syllables, that it was the vessel, out of which Hardi Knute used to drink to his knights at his *round table*. This vessel, by the manœuvres of Mr. Steevens, was conveyed to Somerset House, for the inspection of the learned body of antiquaries, after undergoing every necessary transfiguration, to give it the appearance of having imbibed the mould of age, the solemn hue of antiquity. Upon this cup the erudite Mr. Pegge wrote a very elaborate and learned disquisition, stamping it, indelibly, the vessel of Knute; after which it was returned to Mr. Steevens, through the channel which he had made use of in order to pass off his hoax. When that gentleman, having thus gained his end, most inhumanly published the whole transaction to the world; still augmenting his *barbarity*, by properly construing the lines engraven on the vessel, which proved no other than a most biting satire on the Society he had thus imposed upon. Among the impostors of this nature should not be omitted the Rowleian Chatterton, and the Shaksperian Ireland, whose memories will live as long as old chests and old manuscripts stand on record.

Old stones, bones, coffins, without number,
Pots, pipkins, pans, such kitchen lumber;
Old chain, mail, armour, weapons rusty,
Coins*, medals, parchment, writings musty:
Yet, after all antiques, not one compare I can
To that most rare of all, an antiquarian.

* A very curious story is related of a collector of old coins, who, after displaying his valuable store to some amateurs, suddenly missed a rare gold piece, of the Emperor Carusius, which had peculiarly attracted the attention of his visitors, when, instantly securing the door of the apartment, he made the fact known, and requested that the gentlemen would turn their pockets inside out, in order to satisfy him that it was not in either of their possessions. Each of the visitors, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge of theft, instantly acquiesced with the desire of the collector, who, not finding his coin by this means, proceeded to acquaint the company that he must be under the necessity of administering a strong purgative to each party, which was accordingly ordered, notwithstanding the most vehement opposition on all sides; when wrought upon by this vigorous mode of attack, one of the amateurs, at length, confessed that he had been unable to resist the powerful temptation: and, as he wanted that coin only to render his series complete, he had literally taken the opportunity of swallowing it, in the hope of bearing away the prize; so that

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

O! let me counsel, friend—For modern art,
 And British genius should not be forgot.
 'Twere hard if Wedgewood could not act his
 part,
 And vie with Greek or Romān ch-mb-r p-t.

after evacuation he might be enabled to place it in his own repository. It is almost needless to add, that the *injured collector* did not suffer this swallower of emperors to quit his mansion, until *Carusius* had *passed* the great ordeal, and once more tasted the joys of light and liberty,

By way of sequel to the above, the reader should be informed, that shortly after the fact here related had taken place, an old acquaintance of this *purging* collector demanded the cause which had instigated him to adopt so extraordinary a method; when he confessed, that upon a former occasion he had himself pursued a similar expedient, in order to become possessed of a scarce coin, which was deficient in his assortment; and that, well knowing from experience that nothing less than a *smart dose* would have immediately brought forth the hidden treasure from his own bowels, he had consequently pursued that plan, on finding that his lost treasure was not concealed in the external accoutrements of his visitors.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXII.

OF FOOLS WHO DELIGHT IN THE CHASE.

L'asino si cognosce all' orecchie.

MOUNTED on horse an ass now see,
That puts his life in jeopardy,
Because his only care
Is o'er pale, ditch, and gate to leap;
And gallop down the hill that's steep :
And all for what?—An hare.

'Tis nobly done : with hounds a score,
And horsemen too as many more,
To chase the timid deer * :

* In the Lives of the Saints, we are informed that Hubert, the hunter, became a convert to fasting and prayer, from a stag's appearing before him, while following the sports of the field, with a crucifix between his antlers. As to the truth of this legend the writer knows nothing ;

Nay, thine is also cowardice ;
For noble minds disdain such vice ;
Nor give the pow'rless pain.

rience what is termed, a good chase ; and never were his feelings more shocked than to witness the piercing cries of the timid hare, when the ravenous hounds darted on their inoffensive prey. As to the much vaunted music of a pack, it may do very well for gentlemen, whose ears are enamoured of no softer tones than those which resound from the blacksmith's hammer, or the united brayings of a dozen asses. But for the writer, who rather pretends to have a little music in his soul, he is so tasteless on the score of yelping curs, as to find in the sounds nothing but dissonance and vile harshness. As the annotator has been speaking of cruelty, he cannot but add a few words on the score of *cocking*, which generally claims the attention of sportsmen ; than which no pursuit can possibly prove more repugnant to the mind of feeling and sensibility ; and when it is remembered that the great cockfighter, Mr. Ardesoif, in revenge for his bird having lost him a main, literally roasted the unfortunate creature alive, it will not be said, that the poet has overstretched the bounds of truth in speaking of the callosity of those minds which are swayed by pursuits of this nature.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

As custom will each mental bane ensure,
Root from thy soul the rank, corrosive weeds;
Nor, for thy pastimes, make the weak endure
Those pangs that stain thy heart with savage
deeds.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXIII.

**OF FOOLS WHO PRETEND TO DESPISE
DEATH.**

Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes.

**And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.**

**THE senseless fool, who oft delights
To laugh at all religious rites,
And ridicule the grave :
Will, when the hour of death draws near
Find all his courage end in fear ;
And be no longer brave*.**

* Shakspeare, in *Measure for Measure*, has delivered the horrors that oppress the mind, on contemplating death, in so beautiful a style, that the writer conceives no apology necessary for the introduction of the lines under this head :

Like gay Voltaire*, whose shafts of wit
Religion's sacred altars hit,
And oft would death defy;

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:
This sensible, warm motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or, to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

* This verse of the poet is not only applicable to the renowned and free thinking Voltaire, but may, with equal justice, be applied to the Rev. Dr. Dodd, who, in his writings, held up to derision all idea of terror at the contemplation of futurity; yet, when condemned himself, by the dread behest of justice, no individual ever evinced less firmness, on encountering his doom, than did

Who, when he drew his dying breath,
Although he'd scoff'd at God and death,
An atheist dar'd not die.

Thus, many a modern wit gives birth
To blasphemy and wicked mirth,
While health and pleasure reign;
But, sick in body, weak in mind,
These proud philosophers * soon find
Their tenets all are vain.

that unfortunate delinquent, to whom the following lines from Rowe's *Fair Penitent* may be well applied.

Sci. Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. 'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it:
But, when the trial comes, they stand aghast.

* It is no very difficult matter to deride that which we have not experienced: but, in order to meet the blow of death with becoming calmness, we should ever keep the words of *Persius* in remembrance, who saith,

Vive memor lethi!

in which concentrates more sterling good, than all the

For pious hope alone bestows
The cordial drop which heals our woes ;
 To which this thought is giv'n,
That, when life's stormy voyage is o'er,
Death steers us to some peaceful shore,
 To taste the joys of heav'n.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

That man, good sense with ideot name would
 brand,
 Who, void of food and raiment, journey'd
 far :
Do thou prepare for that same unknown land ;
 Nor, by neglect, thy soul's bright prospects
 mar.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, let folly rear her whip,
For tho' but few, some fools will man my ship.

boasted arguments of philosophers can inculcate ; whose
dying moments have, generally speaking, given the lie
to their professions while living.

SECTION XXXIV.

OF DISCONTENTED FOOLS.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

**HE* bears a fardel on his back,
And sets his mind upon the rack ;**

* It is difficult to discriminate to what class of men this folly is most applicable, as they all partake of it in a certain degree; and are so thoroughly convinced of their weakness on this score, as to allow, that the more they have, the more they want: travellers are peculiarly the slaves of this temperament of mind, as the globe itself is insufficient to gratify their thirst after inquiry: nor can a finer lesson be displayed than De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, which is a most finished picture of the instability of the human intellect. But navigators are not more unsettled than what are denominated men of science, whose labours have no termination, and whose brains are eternally conjuring up new speculations, which are too frequently hazarded without the warranty of reason.

Toiling for that, which when attain'd,
He cares not if he'd never gain'd ;
Finding what most deserv'd caressing,
Unworthy even the possessing.

Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches :
Deep sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atomes, influences ;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world can say.

Much has been said of the female part of the creation, in speaking of this folly ; nevertheless I must candidly affirm, that I do not perceive any feature so prominent in women, as to brand them more than their lords with this failing ; and if we talk of affection, which is, perhaps, one of the noblest characteristicks of the human mind, the feminine part of creation undoubtedly claims pre-eminence over the male. Where can we find more extraordinary instances of heroism, than have been displayed by women who have been actuated by love for men in misfortune : they generally give proofs of possessing a greater portion of equanimity : and, in the hour of success, the same fervor of passion animates their bosoms : while men, yielding to the fascinations of pleasure, as universally waver from the fixed principle which honour, duty, and gratitude claim at their hands. In fine, the page of history displays one unvarying proof of the

What most his folly doth augment,
Exciting peevish discontent,
Is to attain each point desir'd,
Without opponent being fir'd
To battle, for the destin'd treasure ;
For therein most consists its pleasure.

As April rays, the wav'ring mind
Shows fair, concealing foul behind :
One hour, determin'd not to vary ;
The next enacting quite contrary :
Ending, at last, with pangs augmented ;
Unsteady still and discontented.

discontented and unsteady humour of mankind ; kings would be gods ; lords would be kings : every captain would prove an Alexander ; and every beggar an independent gentleman : and yet, if it were possible to change their several stations at pleasure, a something would still be wanting to realize the scene of fancied happiness ; and it is therefore most certain, that he who knows and enjoys the least, approximates the nearest to that most envied of all earthly states—*content*.

Un certo è meglio che dieci incerti.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Curb, in thy bosom, ev'ry changeful thought ;
And o'er thy wishes hold the steady rein :
For he who's fancy's fool, is folly fraught ;
Grasping mere phantoms of his idiot brain.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXV.

OF FOOLS WHO GO TO LAW FOR TRIFLES.

Cum licet fugere, ne quære litem.

THE fool, who doth at trifles claw ;
And to obtain 'em goes to law :
Yet, having met with sad disaster,
Applies to heal it, blister plaister.
The remedy near fails to stick
Upon his head, so wond'rous thick.
For, if with law* you once begin,
'Twill strip the poor man to the skin :

* Time hath been when this nation was *priest ridden*, but now we are *law ridden*. Not that the professional gentlemen are so much to blame ; for it is their province to exist on the folly of others : and if mankind will squabble about straws, lawyers are in the right to profit by their want of reason. As for my own part, I perfectly agree with the old French proverb, “ *Bon avocat, mauvais voisin ;*” and will endeavour to profit by the advice,

And from the rich alike will steal
Enough to make the client feel.

while it shall please Heaven to make me a sojourner on
this side of the grave. Merciful powers ! How much do
I feel pity for that fool who, as Butler saith,

———— Believes no voice t'an organ,
So sweet as *lawyer's* in his *bar gown* ;
Until, with subtle cobweb cheats,
They're catch'd in knotted *law*, like *nets* :
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they stir, the more they're tangled :
And, while with purses can dispute,
There's no end of th' immortal suit.

In the rolls of parliament, A. D. 1445, is a petition
from the commons of two counties, showing, that the
number of attorneys had increased from eight to twenty-
four, whereby the peace of those counties had been
greatly interrupted by suits : the commons, therefore,
petitioned that it may be ordained, that there shall be
no more than *six* common attorneys for Norfolk, *six* for
Suffolk, and *two* for the city of Norwich. Any other
person, acting as an attorney, to forfeit 20s. They
granted the prayer of the petition, provided the judges
thought it reasonable !

Widow Blackacre, in Wycherley's excellent comedy of
The Plain Dealer, is a most finished picture of this spe-
cies of folly ; neither can the writer refrain from noticing
the anecdote of a noble peer, who complained to a

Just like the sheep that, in a storm,
 Sought 'neath the hedge a covert warm;
 And there, from rain and wind defended,
 He waited till the storm was ended;
 Then bleated out a thousand thanks,
 And bounded blithe to sunny banks:
 But found, though shelter'd from the wind,
 Part of his fleece was left behind.
 Thus, bramble like, we find that law,
 When once a fool gets in its jaw,

friend, that he had a blood horse so excessively spirited, as to defy all attempts at breaking in; and that no place was sufficiently strong to contain him. "Say not so:" replied the gentleman, "do you but put him in the Court of Chancery, and I'll be bound he will never get out again." Alexander Stevens, in his *Lecture on Heads*, used also to relate the facetious story of *Bullam versus Boatum*, which was a very fair sarcasm on this kind of legal warfare: for no country can boast more obstinacy and folly, on litigious points, than my own native island.

Le litti non generanto, mai amicizia.

The subjoined paragraph will, it is conceived, prove a further elucidation of the poet's meaning:

The following was copied from the *New Jersey Journal*: "To be sold, on the 8th of July, 131 suits in law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business. Note, the clients are rich and obstinate!"

Though from the theft he saves his coat,
 'Twill steal the pound*, and leave the groat.

* If, previous to a consultation with an attorney, a man would give a few moments to calm reflection, he would frequently save, not only his property, but what is far more valuable, his peace of mind: for, in the course of legal investigations, it is astonishing how many unforeseen circumstances the parties have to encounter; what with witnesses being fooled by counsel, or having rather *deaf* consciences, and juries swayed by prejudice, or the glib tongue of the pleader, it becomes a very dubious point, even in the clearest case, who will come off the victor: and it also very frequently happens that the vanquished, unable to pay expenses, surrenders himself to a gaol, leaving the gainer to liquidate all costs, and solace himself with the imprisonment of his adversary; who, after a period, calls upon him for the daily stipend of sixpence; in failure of the payment of which the plaintiff gives the defendant his liberty.

For *witnesses*, like *watches*, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow,
 And where, in conscience, th' are strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
 Do not your *juries* give their *verdict*;
 As if they felt the *cause*, not heard it?
 And, as they please, make *matter of fact*
 Run all on one side, as they're packt?
 Nature has made man's breast no *windores*,
 To publish what he does within doors.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Take special care ; nor cavil thus for naught :
For, though a favourable verdict's giv'n ;
Thou'lt own revenge, though sweet, is dearly
bought,
To find thyself and poverty just even.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXVI.

OF FOOLS WHO PROVIDE NOTHING IN
YOUTH TO LIVE IN AGE.

—— I've learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull *delay*;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.

THE insect gay, that takes its flight,
'Midst summer's rosy bowers ;
And drinks the pearly dews of night,
From bells of nectar'd flowers ;

In airy circlets, light and gay,
On golden winglet flies ;
Enjoys the solar beams of day,
And in the ev'ning dies.

Thus, oft in fancy's fairy dreams,
Man's gay pursuits subside :

And youth is spent in festive scenes,
Which ne'er for age provide*.

* No set of fools require less commiseration than those at present under our review ; for, notwithstanding the hourly proofs of the insufficiency of age in every instance which requires animal, and too frequently, mental exertion, we find the impulse of folly counteract each sober dictate of reason ; as if by rushing into excess, we were to invigorate the system ; and, by dissipating in youth, we hoarded up for age. There is, however, a medium between that over wariness which contaminates the mind with avarice, and the prodigality which beggars him who dissipates ; for it has afforded matter for much disquisition, which of the two is most prejudicial, the penurious man, or the spendthrift : and, notwithstanding the ills resulting from the latter, it is, nevertheless, a received opinion, that the former is most inimical to the interests and well being of society. It is the province of every man to remember, that if a duration of life be granted him, he must, of necessity, become old ; and that his youthful powers are not only accorded to him for the present enjoyment, but to ward against the evils of want in future : for he who is incapable of assisting either himself or others, will find but a cold reception from the world ; and, like the drone in the hive, be turned adrift, as unworthy the protection of the industrious and the frugal. I shall now relate a fact respecting

For oft o'er penury's sparing board,
When old, the spendthrift sighs ;
And mighty man, creation's *lord*,
A poor ephem'ron dies.

another species of fools, who may be classed under this head, and whose history was as follows .

A man, finding himself possessed of so many hundred pounds, when at the age of forty, took it into his head that he should just live to attain his 64th year ; and, under this conviction, he calculated how much would be sufficient for his annual expenditure ; which having accomplished, he divided and subdivided his gold into the number of portions, making his last farthing to be gone on the completion of the stipulated age of 64. Now, it so happened, that he not only lived to the above period, but fulfilled his 73d year ; consequently, for the last nine years of his existence, being left pennyless, he had recourse to charity ; and was never known to fail in attending on London bridge, which was his place of stand, where he appeared with a placard on his breast, whereon he had written these words, "*Wrong in my calculation.*" Which inscription, on account of its singularity, used to attract the attention of passengers, who, on hearing this story from the lips of the self-convicted fool, used to drop their mite, and profit by the instruction.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

And does the summer's radiance quite dispel
All thought of winter's chilling blast from
thee?

Go, brainless dolt, and banish famine fell:
Thy lesson learn from the industrious bee.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXVII.

OF FOOLS WHO ARE IN LOVE.

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceduntur.

THESE stand indeed confess'd for fools in mind,
Since they select for guide a child* that's blind;

* How shall I find words to convey a just idea of the matchless power and folly of this little blind urchin? what kingdoms has he not overthrown, what mighty men have not been subjugated to his will! Alexander for his Thais burned the famed city of Persepolis. Marc Antony for Cleopatra, bartered the dominion of the world. Love can transform wisdom into folly, and turn reason into madness: it will make the hundred eyes of Argus as blind as their resemblance on the peacock's tail; or lead in rosy bands the fierce and strong Cyclops famed workmen of the Lemnian Isle; it will burn as fierce in Friezeland as under the line, and animate the breast of stone: it is the unquenchable furnace of the brain, a firebrand in the blood—Woe be unto the man that cherisheth it: for it will engender naught but folly.

And sigh and pine and mope like ideots stupid,
Talking of flames and darts, and cruel Cupid.

These are your mad folks that will hang and
drown,

If either * should requite a smile with frown ;
Who boast pure passions, such as angels cherish,
Passions which sated † soon are found to perish.

For, what, my, fools is this celestial fire,
This boasted ray, save animal desire ;
For when in youthful vigour full it rages,
While time's chill torpid hand the flame
assuages,

* As to the whims of lovers, they are innumerable, being as capricious in fancy as the winds of March, or the showers of April ; their bickerings, however, prove of no very serious consequence, for Terence has emphatically said,

Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.

† In the above line, and throughout the following stanza, the poet very suddenly humiliates the celestial properties of love, and makes him but a dependent on carnal gratification : but as there seems a degree of *impiety* in his remark, I beg leave to be excused from venturing any opinions upon the subject.

A pretty face, or well turn'd shape will raise,
 These ideots passions, and create a blaze
 More raging far than furnace *, which they
 tell us,
 The Cyclops kindled when they blew their bel-
 lows.

Then naught is heard but sighs and vows, till
 soon,
 Marriage brings on the billing honey moon †;

* Speaking of the power of this divinity over all human-kind, Voltaire thus expressed himself in two lines to be graven under the Statue of Love.

Qui que tu soit, voici ton maitre,
 Il est, le fut ou le doit etre.

And Butler makes his Hudibras conclude the heroical Epistle to his Lady in these words.

Subscrib'd his *name*, but at a fit
 And humble distance, *to his wit* ;
 And dated it with wondrous art,
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart.
 Then seal'd it with his *coat of love*,
A smoking faggot—and above,
 Upon a scroll—*I burn and weep*,
 And near it—*For her Ladyship.*

† In order to cool a little this connubial phrenzy, we will quote an anecdote of Rosso the Italian Poet, who in the

Which pass'd, no more is heard of oaths and
dying,
Love * shakes his wings, and forth from win-
dow's flying.

memoirs of his life, written by himself, states, that he was extremely happy in two marriages : for his first wife was *dumb*, and his second *blind* ; but, adds the bard, my *third* is neither one nor t'other !

Neither should be omitted the following remark of a very observant and clever man.

Louis XIV. one day asked the Marshal Uxelles why he did not marry ? " Why," said the blunt soldier, " Sire, I have not yet found the *woman* of whom I would wish to be the *husband*, nor the *child* of whom I would wish to be the *father*."

* There is most assuredly, infinite force in this line of the poet, which obviously alludes to the third stanza of the present section, and if indeed, we consider the point minutely, and measure the whole by the standard of the conduct of married people in general, there certainly appears something like reason in the conclusion drawn by the poetaster, who seems to indicate, that *love* is no other than *desire*, notwithstanding all its votaries swear to their mistresses point blank to the contrary.

Some fools there are, who prate of love * platonic,
Just like the secret fam'd of tribe masonic ;
A secret of such note, that those who win it,
Find for their pains that there is nothing in it.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Let not mere face and form thy sense subdue,
For, though desire may blind thee for a season,
The mind can only stamp affection true,
By permanently sealing love in reason.

* At length our son of Apollo has let the cat out of the bag, for, if he turns platonic love into ridicule, he doubtless means to aver, that without sexual intercourse, nothing can exist but friendship and esteem, thereby rendering love a gross desire instead of an heavenly emanation, and treating it with as much nonchalance as if he was speaking of eating, drinking, sleeping, &c &c. yet what is to be said of Heloise, who was to be content with nothing, and " to dream the rest ;" surely our poet must allow himself in error, if a lady of such a temperament as we are given to understand she possessed, could be satisfied in this easy manner; though I must confess, that he would confound me, did he ask what damsels of the present period, would think of such a *namby pamby* system.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XXXVIII.

OF FOOLISH ASTRONOMERS AND STAR
GAZERS.

For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.

HERE's one, that rears his thoughts on high,
And makes a ledger of the sky ;
That he may read the planet's motions,
Deducing thence strange whims and notions ;
Demonstrating at once with ease,
The moon's not made of Cheshire cheese *.

Or now he shows, from certain reasons,
Th' approaching changes of the seasons ;

* Fontaine's fable on the effects of star-gazing, is not inapplicable to this section ; who makes his Astronomer consider a planet for such a length of time, that, totally unmindful of his situation, he steps into a well, at whose brink he had taken his station. And the Satirist Butler, no less exposes the folly of these pretended *Savans*, when he causes the *acute* Sidrophel to mistake a lanthorn at a kite's tail, for some newly discovered comet.

How weather will become precarious,
When Sol shall enter in Aquarius ;
Or genial heat produce before us *,
The budding flow'rs when he's in Taurus.

Then will he calculate, and from it
Tell ye, when next shall come a comet ;
With tail more fine than coachmen's whips,
Or else will speak of Sol's eclipse ;
All this he makes a common trade of,
Yet knows not what the comet's made of.

* Nothing can better expose the ridiculous folly of pretending to understand by the stars, the events which are to happen to mankind, than the following inimitable lines.

There's but the twinkling of a *star*,
Between a man of *peace* and *war* ;
A *thief* and *justice*, *fool* and *knave*,
A *huffing officer* and *slave*,
A *crafty lawyer* and *pickpocket*,
A *great philosopher* and a *blockhead*,
A *formal preacher* and a *player*,
A *learn'd physician* and *manslayer* ;
As if men from the stars did suck,
Old age, *diseases*, and *ill-luck* ;
Wit, *folly*, *honour*, *virtue*, *vice*,
Trade, *travel*, *women*, *cl—ps* and *dice* ;
And draw with the first air they breath,
Battel and *murther*, *sudden death*.

Of wind he'll speak, yet can't disclose,
 From whence it comes, or where it goes ;
 To regions unexplor'd he'll guide us,
 Finding at length a *Georgium Sidus* ;
 And having other worlds made known,
 Dies, knowing nothing of his own *.

What though tow'rd Sol the glass you bend,
 His nature you can't comprehend † ;
 Or, if you did, what would accrue,
 I pr'ythee, friend, to me or you ;
 Why, both must die, and leave behind,
 What serves nor us, nor humankind.

* The great Newton, after all his researches into the regions of heaven, wrote a treatise on the Revelations; and the philosophic Boyle whose mind soared above all vulgar prejudices, nevertheless quitted the tract he had so long pursued, in order to pen his Meditations, which were afterwards so ably satirized by Dean Swift, who inscribed his production "*Meditations on a Broom Stick.*" But what avails, let me ask, all this boasted research? *Socrates*, with his intense study, affirmed, that all he knew was, *that he knew nothing* ; while *Pyrrho*, the founder of scepticism, alleged that *he knew nothing, not even this, that he knew nothing* ; so much for the subtilization of the schools, and the refinement on philosophy.

† This is most assuredly what may be termed a *dead hit*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Hold, hold, vain man, nor let thy simple brain,
 In fruitless labour human life bestow ;
 'Mid endless space to journey is but vain,
 Thy finite brain suits better things below.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each *Rara Avis*,
 Crowds flock to man my *Stultifera Navis*.

on the part of our poet, who hath, in the above line struck at the root of Astronomy, the research into which has never yet enabled us to comprehend the properties of that great luminary of heaven, although some learned fools have affirmed, that it consists of fire, and others have stated it to be the effect of attraction and reflection, while *Anaxagoras*, the Clazomenian philosopher, gravely asserts, that

———The *Sun* was but a piece
 Of red hot iron, as big as *Greece* :
 Believed the heavens were made of stone,
 Because the *Sun* had voided one :
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, *suffer'd banishment*.

Diogen. Laert. speaking of the opinions of *Anaxagoras*, thus expresses himself :

Anaxagoras affirmabat Solem candens *ferrum* esse, et Peloponesso majorem: Lunam habitacula in se habere, et colles, et valles. Fertur dixisse cœlum omne ex lapidibus esse compositum; damnatus et in exilium pulsus est, quod impiè solem candentem laminam esse dixisset. In *Aristotle de calo*, we find, that some Astronomers were of opinion, that the heavens were held up like a top, being kept in constant circulation. Plato believed, that the Sun and Moon were below all other planets; and the Egyptians have informed us, that the Sun has twice shifted its rising and setting; still, all is, as it was, the Sun riseth, the Sun setteth, it giveth light, and is the nourisher of vegetation; and be it what it may, it still is, and will ever be, what I denominate, the Sun. This I call stating facts which bid defiance even to scepticism.

SECTION XXXIX.

OF FOOLISH ALCHEMISTS.

Ars est sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri, medium laborare et finis mendicare.

Lo here's the fool whose cogitation,
Will prove all metals' transmutation * ;
Producing gold from worthless lead,
O ! could he but transmute his head ;
The labour might repay his pains,
Storing his empty skull with brains.

* The professor of Alchemy very shrewdly pretends, first to make gold, second to discover an universal medicine or *panacea*, and third, an universal dissolvent, or *alkahest* ; the success which has attended these endeavours I leave to the discovery of others, as my province alone, consists in proving him by his labours, in every respect, entitled to the rank of fool ; which is accomplished with little difficulty, when it is remembered, that if the alchemist produces *gold*, it is at a greater expense than the ore is intrinsically worth, while his *panacea* and dissolvent are yet in *embryo*, notwithstanding all the study, labour and expense bestowed upon the research.

O'er crucible he hangs delighted,
In hopes to find his toil requited ;
Building fine castles in the air,
When gold shall recompense his care ;
And give to his delighted view,
The treasures of the fam'd Peru *.

Thus freely having wealth expended,
He finds when all his labour's ended ;
That time and gold alike are lost,
Since dross repays him for his cost ;
'Spite of experience still he's bent,
To try some vain experiment.

* Many fools have been led astray by the fascinating hope of making gold, and, among the rest, Mrs. Thomas, the authoress, and intimate friend of Pope, better known by the appellation of *Corinna*, is not to be forgotten ; who was, for a long time, persuaded to place dependence on an Alchemist, who asserted his skill to be such, as to have attained to the summit of this extraordinary science ; yet, let it not be supposed, that the lady was made the depository of all these wonders gratis ; on the contrary, she paid dearly for peeping, having in return for the advance of her palpable coin, nothing but the mere shadow *expectancy*, which terminated as it began, in *nothing* ; to this lady, as well as to all fools who yield to this madness, we may use the old Italian proverb :
Non fidatevi al alchemista povero, ô al medico ammalato.

Thus coining for himself new troubles,
He sets afloat such airy bubbles,
As boys, from pipes, with suds will make, sir,
Which float a second, and then break, sir.
So, fool *, be wise, to reason list,
Shun dross for sense—thou Alchemist.

* Although I may not be exactly correct, in jumbling Astrology with Alchemy, yet their relationship on the score of probability and possibility is such, that I cannot refrain from speaking under this section, of the renowned black art, concerning which, Voltaire, in his satirical poem of the Pucelle D'Orleans, gives these lines,

De plus grand clerc en sorcellerie,
Savant dans l'art en Egypte sacré,
Dans ce grand art cultivé chez les mages,
Chez les Hebreux, chez les antique sages;
De nos savans dans nos jours ignoré,
Jours malheureux ! tout a dégénéré.

A very remarkable instance of this study is recorded in the person of *Cornelius Agrippa*, whose dog, on account of some antics which he had taught the animal to play, was supposed to be his familiar spirit; but the author of *Magia Adamica*, took infinite pains to vindicate both the master and the dog from this vile aspersion, and *Cornelius* himself, on account of the vulgar prejudices which prevailed against him, was subjected to the most rigorous persecutions, insomuch, that he in the end found out his

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The silly man, whose labour is but vain,
And still will persevere to understand ;
Is like a fool, who sows his golden grain,
Expecting crop, tho' from the barren sand.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

folly, and wrote a treatise on the Vanity of all Human Science. But this popular odium is not to be wondered at, when we recollect, that the period of ignorance and superstition denominated every thing, and every body, above mortality, which possessed knowledge superior to the vulgar comprehension : thus we find that most of the gods of the ancients, from being originally proficient in different arts and sciences, were, after their demise, exalted to the rank of immortals. *Friar Bacon*, in the reign of Edward I. was supposed to be in league with the devil ; *Robert Grosthead*, bishop of Lincoln, in the time of Henry III. was, on account of his learning, deemed a conjurer, and degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and *Galileo*, the astronomer, for venturing to affirm that the sun was a fixed body, and that the earth moved, endured captivity for a series of years in the Inquisition ; but speaking of the Occult Sciences, we may say of its student, that

THE SHIP OF FOOLS.

He had been long t'wards *mathematics*,
Optics, philosophy, and statics ;
Magic, horoscopic, astrologic,
 And was old dog at *phisiologic* ;
 But, as a dog that turns the spit,
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet ;
 To climb the *wheel*, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again.

Nor ought we to conclude this note, without applying the words of our immortal bard, who thus expresseth himself in *King Lear*. " This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are in sick fortune (often the surfeits of our behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars ; as if we were villains on necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by spherical predominance : drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I should have been what I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing."

SECTION XL.

OF THE VAIN BOASTING OF FOOLS.

Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift, is like clouds
and wind without rain.

HERE's one, who talks as much of knowledge,
As any big wig at a college ;
And thinks himself of wits the pillar,
With the assistance of Joe Miller ;
But as for Latin, Hebrew, Greek,
One word he can, nor read, nor speak *.

* The garrulity of this class of fools is so universally heard in the present day, that it is hardly possible to frequent a company without finding yourself pestered to death by one of these leeches ; who, to gratify his self-enamoured fancy, sucks away every particle of your good temper, thus depriving you of the little pleasure which you had imagined the society might afford ; this brings to mind these lines in the Merchant of Venice :

“ *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice : his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search”.

Or, if the German you are praising,
 His knowledge of that tongue's amazing ;
 As well as Spanish, French, Italian,
 He'll carve to boot like a Pygmalion ;
 And as for painting, he can show,
 Designs more grand than Angelo *.

His wealth, if any friend's relating,
 Of Funds and Bank Stock he'll be prating ;
 Or if you speak of some lord knowing,
 Three dukes tow'rd him are favours showing ;
 And with respect to Cupid's darts,
 None ever smote so many hearts †.

* No matter how difficult the art or science may be, the fool is equally *au fait* at every thing, so that ninety-nine men out of the hundred, only enact the part of *Bobadil* in different ways. Merciful Heaven ! what instances of this presumptuous folly have I not been the witness of, until my very bowels have yearned within me ! I had very nearly forgotten a curious instance of literary vain boasting, which appeared some time since on the title of a book written by a German Professor, who absolutely thus worded the nature of his treatise.

"Observations on *all things* and several *other things* besides." But, to conclude, from all such men, "*Good Lord deliver me !*"

† To hear the poor fool prate of riches, or the loath-

me is naught, sir,
's so fraught, sir;

sts in love affairs, is a species
ble, as to draw down pity and
who practises it; yet, show me the
allest share of discernment, who
this enormous folly; nay, and in
arly, it is to be observed, that the
the loudest in boasting: such men
e of a baboon who should watch his
stirring herself, and afterwards have
methods, in order to adonize his
which will appear to him equally be-
ected in the mirror, though all other
perceive the deformity, and laugh in
his consummate vanity. It is, notwith-
quisite in this note, that I should say a
y of apology for this latter class of fools,
7, in some respects entitled to indulge in
on account of the extraordinary taste
ladies of ton at the present era, who be-
every requisite that is desirable in an
equently (for the sake of diversity, I
s with a being, not only contemptible
lebased in mind. To adduce instances
n; however, a late *crim. con.* action is a
ny of the justness of this remark.
ogna se la donna li perde mai li ritrova.

That none in boasting can outvie him,
 Or to speak plainer, friend, outlie him * ;
 For if you'd dare him, it is odds,
 He'd claim alliance with the gods.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Fruitless are all our efforts, all our pains,
 Perfection in one science none can boast ;
 He surely then is fool, who still maintains,
 That o'er all excellence he rules the roast.

* Falstaff's relation to the Prince of Wales, may be so well applied to these fools, that I cannot refrain from quoting his words :

Hen. O! monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis-begotten knaves in *Kendal-green*, came at my back, and let drive at me ; (for it was so *dark*, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand).

Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable,——
 ——Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal-green*, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason : what say'st thou to this ?—

A un grand bugiardo, ci vuol buona memoria.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLI.

OF AMBITIOUS FOOLS.

Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est.

As sensual appetites in men we find,
Ambition's but the glutton of the mind ;
That gorges worlds, and yet sighs out for more,
As famous Alexander * did of yore.

* The folly of this renowned chief is handed down to us, who *blubbered* in sooth, because he had no more worlds to conquer, or rather because he could cut no more throats ; for I should like to know, if these great men, your Cæsars, Hannibals, Pompeys, &c. &c. were any other than a set of licensed robbers and murderers ; therefore, well has a reverend divine said,

————— *One murder made a villain ;*

Millions a hero. Princes were privileged

To kill, and numbers sanctify'd the crime.

What has not ambition done, and what will it not undertake, to attain its object ? read but the annals of the world, nay, even look to the simple relation of Spanish barbarity in Peru and Mexico ; in short, there is not a state but has had to show its aspiring fools. Yet how must the braggart Lewis XIV. have been humbled, who in the progress of

Ambition is a ladder * rear'd on high,
 Which unsupported reaches to the sky;
 A flight that none but fools or madmen take,
 Who in ascending wish their necks to break.

his glory, caused a medal to be struck, representing (in allusion to himself) the sun in its meridian splendour; but having received a check from the arms of King William, at that time Prince of Orange, a Dutchman executed a similar coin, with this addition, that the Prince of Orange was represented as Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still. Such are the reverses which high vaulting ambition must look to; such proved the downfall of a Wolsey, and may such be the declension and the fate of that Imperial fool, whose ambition even now grasps at the attainment of universal sway! *Abbraccia tal volta la fortuna coloro, che vuol poi affogare.*

* It is of little consequence, whether or not the poet had his eye upon Shakspeare's simile in the above line, as the beauty of our dramatist's words it is hoped, will plead the annotator's excuse for their introduction here:

'Tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
 But when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

Ambition is a gilded bubble bright,
 That hoodwinks sense, and blinds the keenest
 sight ;
 A specious phantom, deck'd in all that's fair,
 Which when embrac'd evaporates in air.

Ambition's every thing so long as sought,
 While wish'd for matchless, when possess'd but
 naught ;
 'Tis sunshine, darkness,—gold and worthless
 dross,
 The wise man's scarecrow, and the idiot's loss*.

* With all deference to the ideas of our bard, I must nevertheless alter a word in one of the lines given by him to King Richard,

Great *fools* have greater sins, &c.

For certainly, the more inordinate the ambition, the greater the fool who aspires to its attainment; when even throwing in the back ground all those *break neck* casualties, of which history adduces so many instances, the very summit of this species of fools' glory, will not enable him to stifle the yearnings of conscience, to ward off old age, to shut out pain, and escape from the jaws of death ; if such be the case, I will not only say *cui bono* ? but equally answer to the *cui malo* ? of any fool that shall propose the question—by stating, that the rapacious mind can enjoy

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Weigh thy pursuits, nor trust the golden toy,
 That only lures thy fancy to admire ;
 The drunkard's pastime's visionary joy,
 The *ignis fatuus* but a specious fire.

no ease, and what is life without a quiet spirit? Like a *Sisyphus*, the ambitious ideot rolls up the hill the ponderous stone, which sooner or later must recoil, and crush him; say then what becomes of all his glory? well may he at last exclaim,

Farewell ;

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

A famous ——— who might truly be denominated the modern Semiramis of the north, was a striking instance of ambitious folly, who did not scruple to connive at the murder of her own husband, as soon as she had grasped the reins of power : neither can I forget to instance the famous Cromwell, in England, who, after the publication of Colonel Titus's work entitled *Killing no Murder*, was in such a constant state of apprehension as to drive his own coach in disguise, fearful of assassination ; while at the same time, he nightly changed his bedchamber, to evade the blow of the assassin.

SECTION XLII.

OF FOOLS WHO BOAST THEIR ANCESTRY AND PEDIGREE.

*Et genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco.*

FROM what great stock dost thou boast blood,
From Babel's workmen 'fore the flood ;
Or else from Asiatic ?
Or, dost thou spring from that hot shore,
Which rears the savage black-a-moor,
Who boasts the dye of old nick ?

Or, art thou sprung from Roman* race ?
Or, canst thou to the Grecian trace
The kindred of thy daddy ?

* It is said, that there may be found an English noble, whose pedigree goeth back even unto the era of the

Or, art thou from the famous seed
Of those *who* scratch beyond the Tweed;
Or else Hibernian Paddy?

Or, does the harper e'er rehearse
Thine ancestry, in Cambrian verse,
And boast thee sprung from madam;
Whose noble ancestry would scorn
The thought of any man not born
Before the days of Adam*?

Roman emperors; which may certainly be the case; as we find some of their *extraordinary propensities* handed down to the present period in his own person.

* The Welshmen are proverbial for priding themselves on the antiquity of their origin; to whom these lines of Shakspeare may well be applied:

————— I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top;
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

This love of pedigree reminds me of the story of a fool, who, having suddenly acquired wealth, was very desirous of armorial bearings; and, for that purpose, made application to an herald, in order to know whether he had any right to a coat of arms; but the research was vain, until the dealer in pedigrees inquired whether or no some of his ancestors had not rendered themselves

Unrolling thy long pedigree
 Of honours, fourscore yards I see,
 Emblazon'd bold as Tartars* ;

conspicuous by any notable feat: to which the fool, after some consideration, replied, that his father certainly had made himself famous by escaping from the prison of Ludgate, where he had been some time confined for petty larceny, and that his liberty was so effected, by his parent's having affixed a cord round the neck of the statue of King Lud, which was placed over the gateway, and by which means he let himself down.—“ ’Tis well,” exclaimed the herald, “ I can now draw you out a pedigree of ten yards long, since it is plain that your father was a *descendant* from King Lud.”

* The gentlemen of the College of Arms have a very happy knack at emblazoning, and can as easily produce *yards* as *inches* of pedigree, which tallies perfectly well with Butler's lines :

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herauld
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient *kings* in a small space ;
 That we should all opinion hold
Authentic, that we can make old.

Apropos, as we are touching on the subject of heralds, it will not be amiss to say a few words respecting their accoutrements on high days and holidays; which very

With eagles truss'd ; chevaux de frize ;
 Your rampant lions ; fleur de lis ;
 And bars *, wound round like garters.

much resemble the leathern *surtouts* of brewers' men, or the gilt *cock* and *breeches* of Bartholomew fair: nay, I have sometimes thought that they were not altogether unlike moving packing cases: at all events, the wearers of *tubards* are usually as empty headed. But, referring once more to their costume, we should not pass over unheeded the words of Shakspeare, who makes his Falstaff thus ludicrously describe them: "There is but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves, &c."

* The annotator was for some time incapable of divining the meaning of the poet's allusion, till the pannel of a ducal carriage, one day, unravelled the mystery in the following manner. "Being lately at the west end of the town, a very dashing chariot came tearing along the street, and just drew up to the portal of a noble mansion, as the writer was passing it with a friend. The shower of mud, which came like hail from the rapid whirl of the wheels, caused us to halt; and one of the footmen vaulting from behind, with his long cane, which may be well termed the London lacquey's *augural staff*, opened the carriage door, when the noble owner stepped forth, regardless of the dirty pickle in which he had bedizened us

Yet, hold, surmounting all the rest,
 Appears a wondrous, common crest,
 To all thy kindred striking:
 For they alike thy symbols bear,
 Bells, ladle, and the fool's cap wear,
 Insignias of their liking.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Consummate ass, how canst thou raise thy fame
 On thoughts of pedigree and boasted birth?
 The noblest title is an honest name;
 For, after all, our common parent's earth.

plebeian pedestrians. "That is the Duke of ———," exclaimed my friend. "Impossible," answered I, glancing at the arms emblazoned on the pannel of the vehicle, where I could perceive no *bar of bastardy*. "Pshaw," replied my friend, "your heralds, now-a-days, have a method of disposing of them, so as to draw a veil over that family obloquy." Upon this he requested me to examine the arms more minutely, which I accordingly did; when lo! the cloven foot appeared, but so artfully wound round the shield in form of a garter, as to take away all appearance of the *fatal bar*, that insignia of illegitimacy. Thanks to the contrivance of the Collegians of Arms.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLIII.

OF FOOLS WHO PURSUE UNPROFITABLE STUDY.

Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A fort of error to ensconce
Absurdity and ignorance;
By making plain things in debate,
By art, perplex and intricate:
For nothing goes for sense or *light*,
That will not with old rules jump right.
As if rules were not, in the schools,
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.

WHAT learned doctors of the schools
Set down for academic rules,
Serve to give common sense the phthisics:
Witness disputes on metaphysics*.

* Aristotle, the famous father of this branch of philosophy, or, as others call it, pneumatology, seems to have intended by his metaphysics, a species of natural

A learned wight, who folios wrote us,
A fam'd disputant, nam'd Duns Scotus*,

theology : yet, as in all cases of an abstruse nature, the several votaries of this science, have, in some measure, varied in their ideas on the subject, for instance, Locke, in England, and Malebranche, in France, racked their brains on this theme, and although much more perspicuous than the ancients, are frequently so intricate in their reasonings, as to send common sense a wool gathering ; so that, speaking of these philosophers, we may well exclaim with the Roman, they are but “*deliramenta doctrinæ* :” or, to quote a sentence used by Mr. Locke, when he considers the association of ideas, “I conceive that such deep men of the schools only give sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense ; and have proved the foundation of the greatest, I had almost said, of all the errors in the world.”

* This very acute metaphysician and logician, sur-named *Doctor Subtilis*, most assuredly may claim the wreath of most consummate folly : for, what with speculative ideas, such as the poet has instanced in the third and fourth lines of the above stanza, which allude to corpuscular philosophy, together with the jargon of the schools, he may well be said *arenearum telas texere*, while he intended to display the art of *reasoning justly*. Yet, soft, why do I dare presume to rail against this renowned character, whose oratory outvied the powers of the famed Orpheus, by giving animation even to *stone*, without in-

strumental assistance: for we are very gravely informed, that, while *Duns Scotus* was haranguing the learned doctors of the day, on the subject of the *immaculate conception* of the *Virgin Mary*, he pointed to the stone effigy of the mother of our Saviour, placed in the church of *Notre Dame*, at Paris, upon which, in token of assent to the position of the speaker, the image very reverently bent its body, and is stated to have ever after continued in that curbed attitude. Another voluminous writer of later date, known by the name of Dr. Manton, produced in this country a thick folio volume of commentaries on the 119th psalm; to the reading of which the famous Lord Bolingbroke attributes all his scepticism on religious subjects: and, indeed, the production of the above doctor forcibly brings to mind these lines of Butler:

Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
 The self same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for:
 Quarrel with *minc'd pies*, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend *plumb porridge*;
 Fat *pig* and *goose* itself oppose,
 And blaspheme *custard* through the *nose*.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like *Mahomet's* were Ass and Widgeon;
 As if hypocrisie and nonsense
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Dean Swift, in speaking of the folly of fast days, has been equally sarcastic in these lines:

Hath prov'd, on needle's point, t'amaze, sir,
That countless atoms dance* the hays, sir,

And, while we speak of him a-pro-pos,
Pedants there are dubb'd philosophos†:

Who can believe, with common sense,
A *bacon slice* gives God offence :
Or, that a *herring* hath a charm,
Almighty vengeance to disarm.

* In Erasmus's Praise of Folly, the reader may find the most severe sarcasms on these subtle fools, whom the author exposes to the lash of the most pointed ridicule ; nor will Voltaire be found less acute in his remarks ; who, upon all occasions, took delight in exposing the fallacy of such conceited pedants, whose sole aim seems to have consisted in bewildering their own and other people's understandings. The doctors of the Sorbonne, at Paris, who were esteemed the most acute theologians, are very justly ridiculed by Voltaire, in the following lines :

On fait venir des docteurs de Sorbonne,
Des perroquets, un singe, un harlequin, &c.

† The most fallacious opinions have been cherished by numerous individuals of late, whose tenets not only proved destructive of religion and morality in France, but have equally been disseminated on this side of the Channel, to the detriment of a great portion of society : and certainly the observation of Seneca may be justly

Who swear that pain's naught but conceit;
And burning coals contain no heat *.

They laugh to scorn what's superstitious :
And as for acts which I call vicious,
They deem not so; for they wou'd free
The sinner with—"What is, must be †."

applied to all these scourges of reason and common sense, who says, "*Distrahit animum librorum multitudo.*" By the bye, I had nearly forgotten my foolish friend *Gorpius Becanus*, who took an infinity of pains to prove that High Dutch was the language which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

* In allusion to the Stoics, who were the followers of *Zeno*, and maintained that pain is no real evil; that a wise man is happy, even in the midst of torture, &c. ideas, that bring to mind the words of *Seneca*, who says, "The more subtle things are rendered, the nearer they approximate to nothing." And certainly, all such definition of things by acts bears the closer affinity to nonsense. *Aristophanes*, in his Comedy of the Clouds, very characteristically introduces *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, as taking an admeasurement of the leap of a flea from the beard of the one to that of the other.

† This is assuredly a healing plaister, and might do very well, if, unfortunately, *conscience* had not, some how or other, been made a tenant of the human breast,

They write, they read, their study's intense,
 And read and write whole quires of nonsense* :
 For 'tis the burden of my song,
 That right is right, and wrong is wrong.

We hear of matter, and of motion,
 While *chance*† is now the reigning notion.
 Such tenets fools may lead astray :
 Yet there's one God—Him I'll obey.

whose cries will be heard, notwithstanding the jargon of such philosophers, I would say, fools ! Meglio vale esser dotto che dottore.

* If the annotator was to enter upon this topic, a simple note would be swelled into a thick volume : so numerous has been this race of defilers of paper. It is, however, sufficient to say, that their ponderous folios may be found at the cheesemongers' : " Yea, even unto the present day."

† Whether the Supreme Author of all things be denominated *God*, or *Nature*, or *Chance*, is, to my mind, a matter of little consequence, so that his existence be but granted in its full extent; for a mere word cannot alter the attributes of divinity. Such, however, is not exactly the case: for there are men who talk of *chance*, under a different impression, though they are incapable of comprehending it; which, after all, brings the matter to one point; and the dispute at last is merely whether we should say *shoes of leather*, or *leathern shoes*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

This fool, in blinding reason takes delight;
For thro' an endless wilderness he rambles;
As if 'twould render doubly clear his sight,
To scratch his eyes out, rushing midst the
brambles.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLIV.

OF FOOLISH POETS AND AUTHORS.

———— Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes, ægroque in corde senescit.

To sense refin'd vile poetasters
Act like adhesive drawing plaisters :
For who can rhymes read with prose diction,
And not feel mental crucifixion ?
Or theme heroic, penn'd in bad blank versæ :
Than which, on earth, no torture can be worse.
And, spite of this, to hear the wretched poet
Prate of Parnassus like the *Nine* who know it.
Or boast of draughts from clear Pierian springs;
Or mounting Pegasus, fam'd horse with wings;
Excusing every fault of his poor wit, sir,
Crying—*Poeta nascitur, non fit*, sir*.

* Of this unfortunate race of fools there have, alas !
been too many ; and, to the sorrow of Apollo and the

Or, what can prove a blister more severe,
 Than *quondam* author's impudence to hear;
 Whose vile productions are but idle vapour,
 Destructive of such countless reams of paper;
 Fit for that office*, long ordain'd by fate,
 Which I, from decency, refrain to state :

Muses, there is still an abundance, both as rhymesters and blank verse composers : not to lay any stress on the score of obscenity, which has been published by these gentlemen, to the detriment of morality, there are, literally productions of this nature, which neither display one spark of the fire of imagination, nor even a trace of the composition, so requisite in all poetic effusions. To every rhymester of this class, I advise the selection of themes, similar to those which follow, for the trial of his skill in versification.

He would an elegy compose,
 On maggots, squeez'd out of his nose ;
 In lyric numbers write an *ode* on
 His mistress eating a black pudden ;
 And, when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puffed him with *poetic rapture*.

To all such dabblers in the puddles of Parnassus, I will content myself, with saying, in the words of *Boileau*,
 Pauvre gens, je les plains, car on a pour les foux,
 Plus de pitié que de courroux.

* Supposed, in allusion to the offerings presented,

For vendors* now of books do not aspire
To publish *sense*, but *nonsense*, by the quire.

of necessity, at the altars of the renowned goddess, Cloacina.

* Having annotated the theme of our bard, as far as relates to the mushroom tribe of poets and authors, who have of late years sprung up, it would be highly culpable in me not to say something on the score of publishers; as I shall, by this means, put the other two classes of fools into better humour with me than they enjoy in the present instance.

It is necessary, in the first place, to remark, that printers and publishers were, formerly, one and the same thing; while it must be added that their scientific knowledge was extensive, and not circumscribed, as at the present period, to the title and dimensions of a work. No bookseller thinks of purchasing a production, now-a-days, without sending the MS. to be perused by some supposed learned critic in the back ground, who is payed for his trouble, and whose *fiat* is irrevocable with the dealer; possessing an head, in most instances as thick and ponderous as the binder's hammer, which, at some future period, belabours the publication, previous to its adonization in morocco, russia, or calf. There is, however, no rule without an exception, as may be instanced in a famous vendor of modern made books, whom I shall denominate the great *Maccenas* of literary lumber. This

For, as to wisdom pure, they long have lost her;
For she ran raving mad in Paternoster :

gentleman arrogates to himself exclusively the title of author and book-maker general ; as no work, he affirms, issues from his warehouse, which had not only received his mere sanction, but was positively planned by himself ; so that, upon all occasions, he converts his *writers* into *labourers*, who are to commit his sublime conceptions to paper.

Nervis alicui mobili lignum.

Therefore it is no longer the author who supports the bookseller, but the bookseller the author, according to his maxim. But to have done with this *Macenas*, let us but glance our eyes from Tower Hill to Hyde Park Corner, and where shall we find a publisher possessed of one genuine spark, connected with the love of *Les Belles Lettres* ? no where is this phoenix to be found. Genius may go hang or drown itself, while the execrable trash of men of fortune and rank is caught at with avidity ; and, being bedecked with margin and plates, struts into the world to be bought by fools, whose judgment is circumscribed to the love of *gewgaw*, and whose reading extends no further than the gold tinsel which bedecks the bindings of their trumpery purchase. As such, O ! poets and authors are the publishers of the present era, no wonder that *your* idiot reveries are committed to the press, since being yoke fellows all, it would be strange,

And, far from human eyes, mopes melancholy,
 To see the ideot world's consummate folly;
 Which, in her stead, chose men who place
 reliance
 On wire-wove paper, margin, plates — not
 science*.

indeed, to find the fool capable of discriminating and despising his brother's folly.

* Not to lay any stress on the voluminous productions of that class of metaphysical and philosophical fools, mentioned by the poet in the foregoing section, there are, indeed, a sufficient quantity of a different species to warrant these lines; and of that number we may particularly instance the works of plagiarists, which are incessantly issuing from the press, and managed with so little skill and such barefaced effrontery, as absolutely to create astonishment. This neglect, however, on their parts, may be construed, in some respects, as a proof of their knowledge of society, *as it is*, which contents itself with the froth, the saferface, or fly-away literature, leaving the sterling to the few who have minds sufficiently enlightened to profit by the instructions they contain. Of plagiarists we may say with Jovius: *Castrant alios, ut libros suos, per se graciles, alieno adipe suffarciant*. With respect to novels and romances, they are of longer standing than may at first be imagined: not to mention ancient metrical romances, the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Ere thou aspir'st to rhyme, and stand high
stilt on,
Consult a Dryden, Pope, Shakspeare, and
Milton;
And, if from thence, thou feel'st assur'd, endite.
So, after study and unceasing toil,
Vying with Locke, Swift, Newton, Burton, Boyle,
Then, authors, pr'ythee, wield your pens, and
write.

Sidney, written in the reign of Elizabeth, &c. and which is justly lashed by my Lord Orford, who calls it a dull pedantic production, which a love-sick maid could not wade through, we have other instances which are of French extraction; such as *Cassandra*, *The Grand Cyrus* of *Madam Scudery*, &c. which were translated into English by Sir Clement Cotterel, *Loveday*, &c. and which, doubtless, led the way to the after productions of a similar stamp, and which are now not daily, but hourly produced, to the disgrace of modern times. These reams of *Leaden Hall* lumber, though issuing under the auspices of a *Minerva*, are not, however, to be solely condemned on the score of nonsense, but are deserving the severest lash of criticism, on account of the frequent destructive tendency they have to the morality of the rising generation, which reads this species of production with such marked avidity.

So shall the poet wreaths unfading wear,
And praise immortal crown the author's care,

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLV.

OF IMPERIAL FOOLS.

————— O, but man ! proud man !
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence ; like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heav'n,
As make the angels weep.

COME, senseless men, and view your god,
Who rears on earth the ideot's rod,
And, prostrate 'fore his stool,
Your hands and hearts at once upraise,
To sing your mighty sovereign's praise,
The great imperial fool*.

* Who can peruse the annals of the Roman emperors, without allowing the truth of this remark ; as, with very few exceptions, their reigns were characterized with murder, prodigality, incest, extravagance, voluptuousness, bestiality, and, in short, every folly and vice that is abhorrent to human nature. As to the emperor who

His glitt'ring crown, his purple robe,
His massive sceptre, golden globe,
And armed legions see;
While, bending at his nod, appear
The trembling sons of palsied fear,
That crouch 'fore sov'reignty.

Here view the despot, void of friend;
For here's ambition without end,
And rapine, blood, and fire;
Here's jealousy and direful hate;
Here's too the wish insatiate,
That would at heav'n aspire*.

made a consul of his horse, he can scarcely be denominated a fool; as that noble animal is, most assuredly, deserving any dignity, when placed in the company of a set of asses.

* Many instances might be displayed of this inordinate folly in imperial ideots: but one, which particularly stands on record, and, at the present moment, occurs to my recollection, is adduceable in the person of Alexander the Great, who thought fit to bastardize himself, by assuming a certain degree of heathenish godhead, in pretending to derive his being from the great Jupiter Ammon.

Here's public smiles—thoughts that appall,
External state—internal gall,

With grave-consigning breath :
Yet, while condemning to the rack,
He views not, fool, behind his back,
The grinning spectre, death* :

* Nothing can possibly display more forcibly the folly of imperial or kingly vanity, than the energetic lines of Shakspeare, in his tragedy of King Richard the II. which run thus :

I pr'ythee, friends, let's sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings ;
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping, kill'd ;
All murder'd. For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court ; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a little scene,
To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
As if this flesh, that walls about our life,
Was brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last ; and, with a little pin,
Bores thro' his castle walls, and farewell, king !

Whose bolt, when least expected, flies,
And then the fool imperial dies;
Of fate the common slave.
So, farewell grandeur ; for, 'tis found,
Thou only need'st sufficient ground,
To delve for thee a grave*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If lowly men could view turmoils of state,
They ne'er would thirst for sov'reignty and
power.
The greatest earthly curse is to be great ;
For, like the fire, it doth itself devour.

* The renowned William the Conqueror affords an instance, even more striking than the fact above stated ; since it is recorded, that after his demise, his corpse continued some days above ground, on account of the difficulty there was, even to procure a spot of earth in order to bury him, owing to the animosity that individual entertained towards him while living, on whose domain he expired. The great Charles the Fifth, the emperor, after all his conquests and glory, terminated his career by entering a monastery ; and thus relinquishing *that*, for which he had toiled with so much assiduity. Then, farewell to regal folly ! for

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.
Oh ! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw.

SECTION XLVI.

OF FOOLS WHO THINK NONE SO WISE AS
THEMSELVES.

Αλλων, ιατρως αυτος ελχισι βρωγ.

Stultus, nisi quod ipse facit nil rectum putat.

HERE'S one who boasts conceit refin'd,
As if all sense,
By Providence,
To his wise pate had been consign'd ;
And plac'd in him such sterling reason,
That to dispute it were rank treason.

In argument he'll knock you down,
With yes or no *,
It must be so,
And if presumptive you dare frown ;

* This species of egotism is as frequent in society as any other epidemic folly with which it is assailed, and well merits the following quotation from *Terence* :

*Homine imperito nunquam quidquid injustius
Qui, nisi quod ipse facit, nihil rectum putat.*

Take special care, he'll butt with horns of *Bos*,
For doubting one as famous as Delphos*.

Mark ye his countenance and air;
Which well might pass,
For living brass,
While, bold and arrogant, his stare,

*The poet, in the above line, alludes to the celebrated Delphian Oracle of Apollo, which was supposed by the ancients, never to fail, and was delivered by a virgin named *Pythia* or *Phæbus*. Whether the *Bos* in the foregoing line, alludes to the brazen bull presented by the tyrant of *Agrigentum* to this famed temple, we are at a loss to conjecture; from the emptiness, however, of the skull of that brazen animal, and from the brassy impudence of his countenance, it is shrewdly surmised, that the poet-aster might have intended it in allusion to the properties of that species of fools who were then under his consideration.

* The vanity of Nero the emperor, is recorded by many historians; who needs must pique himself on being the best actor and musician in Rome; and in order that he might have no competitor, he caused the finest performer of that time (who had acquired great fame) to be murdered; and with respect to his musical talents, the burning of the then capital of the universe, was deemed but a fit accompaniment to one of his solos on the fiddle.

Bespeaks to all that he's the cherish'd elf,
Of no one creature living—but himself.

As the fierce tenant of some den,
With one accord,
By all abhorr'd,
This fool's turn'd forth from haunts of men;
For those who would be all in others' sight,
Are subject to the world's contempt and spite*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If thou feel'st conscious of thy skill, be wise,
Nor publish it, thy vanity to sate;
For he who builds on others' fall his rise,
Brings on himself the universal hate.

* Notwithstanding the gratification which these conceited fools may derive from their overbearing impertinence, it is, nevertheless, impossible, but that they must frequently experience the keenness of rebuke, and suffer a degree of mental pain on witnessing the marked hatred of such as are tortured in their society; during such moments, therefore, I would recommend to their consideration, these lines of our bard, so truly applicable to their situation :

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLVII.

OF FOOLS WHO DAILY PROLONG THEIR OWN AMENDMENT.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.

I FEEL conviction of my sin,
And will anew my course begin *,
Full oft the voice of folly cries out ;
But when the fool next morning hies out,

* The advice of Hamlet to his mother, when he urges her to refrain from any further converse with his uncle, is admirably calculated to impress the mind with the necessity there is for beginning at once a reformation; and that when the first step is taken, every subsequent one becomes less arduous. Nor are the words of the Prodigal Son, in the inimitable parable of our Saviour, less requisite to these fools, when he says, " I will arise and go unto my Father, and will say unto him—Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and against thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy Son."

The sage resolve's forgot, 'mid senseless crowds,
Nor heeded more than last year's passing
clouds *.

O! now I'll live to read and think,
Nor longer game, and wench and drink;
A painted harlot's Satan's daughter,
And wine inflames, so I'll take water;
Forego all gaming—yet, produce the dice,
The wine and wench—all's then forgot, but vice.

No more my dress shall cause the stare,
My brain shall henceforth be my care;
No more with whip I'll bloods beat hollow,
My race I'll now run 'gainst Apollo.
But dress and Bond Street, *Tandem* †, brazen
wh-r-s,
Bear sway, and kick the Muses out of doors.

* This reminds me of the story of Balaam, who would not believe, though his ass spoke! and indeed, to the multitude of fools who yield to this propensity, we may say with Horace,

———— Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.

† A vehicle which neither comes under the head of

Cries age 'tis certain, by the bye,
 That all men at some time must die ;
 How simple not to have reflected !
 No more this point shall be neglected * ;
 To-morrow I'll turn o'er a better leaf,
 The morrow comes, and pleasure proves the
 thief †.

curricie or buggy, being drawn by two horses *at length*, and not abreast, in order to display the dexterity of *gentlemen coachmen*. This appellation, which originated at one of the Universities, is perfectly consonant with the wit of the *present race* of what are termed *students*, whether with *trencher caps*, or *fellow commoners' gowns*.

* In the prayers of the famous Dr. Johnson is recorded, a curious instance of this foolery; for even that learned man, therein confesses, that he nightly retired to rest, with the determination of amending his course of life, and rising early in the morning, but, when the morrow came, he as invariably yielded to his old propensities, and continued in bed till mid-day. It would have been well for our Lexicographer, had he called to mind the following Italian proverb, which so well expresses the fruits derived from labour.

Travaglio vinea la palma, e monda la rugine dell' alma.

† The folly considered by the poet in this section, which may be well termed obduracy in sinning, is far more excusable in youth than in old age, for when

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Thus ev'ry fool to pleasure yields controul,
And makes himself the veriest abject slave ;
For though assur'd such acts disease his soul,
He yet delays the cure, till in the grave.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

we view deadened passions, and the grey hairs of experience, still obedient to foolery, and lost to conscience and approaching death, there is certainly no excuse to palliate the dereliction from reason, which frequently involves the fool in dangers from which, not even the grave itself can relieve him, having tainted the soul as well as the body with vice.

Assidua occupatione impediæ la tentatione.

SECTION XLVIII.

OF NOBLE FOOLS.

Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dress'd ;
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home :
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose—

My Lord and Lord Duke,
I needs must rebuke,
In defiance of star and of garter ;
For ye, like the rest,
It must be confess'd,
For the fool's cap your common sense barter.

From ye, my grave peers,
With Midas's ears,

I have long heard each boastful profession;
But were I to probe,
I fear that your robe,
Is the last gem * ye have in possession.

Neglectful of fame,
And that boasted name,
Which your ancestors proud were to bear O;
Ye think less of state,
Than setting up late,
And your fortunes all losing at † Faro.

* This is certainly a pretty pointed stroke at our present race of nobles, who merit the sarcasm, I am sorry to add, but too justly; as therefore it would be impossible to cleanse the existing *Augean* stable, we offer the following lines to the youthful fry, who will at some future period, inherit the titles and estates of their fathers; Heaven grant that their follies may not equally bear them company!

Peace, master Marquis—you are malapert;
Your fire new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O! that your young *Nobility* could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and to be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

† The destructive vice of gambling is most particularly cultivated by our fools of rank and title, not only males,

Ye now can't afford
 For tenants a board *,
 And to give to the poor food and raiment;
 To raise a large sum,
 For bill—comes a bum†,
 Who levies on goods for its payment.

but females; and in too many instances, I fear, has the dame, after losing every shilling of cash, staked her reputation on the cast of the die, and thereby entailed the title of her lord upon a bastard progeny.

A donna cattiva poco giova la guardia.

* This is alas, too true, for although the feudal system had its vices, it was not destitute of hospitality; for then the hall of every chieftain's castle rung with the strains of joy, while the thick oaken board groaned beneath the weight of viands and nappy brown ale; (vid. by way of proof, numerous items in the Northumberland household book, and many MSS. of a similar kind, preserved in other ancient families;) whereas, in the present day, those sums, which might alike procure the blessings of the multitude, by being so dispensed, are, on the contrary, squandered in the metropolis, on every species of wanton extravagance, and, too frequently, low and disgraceful debaucheries.

La nobilita non s'acquista nascendo, ma virtuosamente vivendo.

† This is a fact which repetition has rendered so notorious, that it would be folly to offer any apology for the poet, who well knew, that though the persons of our

Or if less profuse,
 You still have a use,
 For each guinea your follies to pamper;
 All sense you degrade,
 With route, masquerade *,
 And with sensual appetites tamper.

Since thus ye debase
 The name of your race,
 'Mid the tribe of great fools I enthrone ye;
 For if your sires brave,
 Could rise from the grave,
 They wou'd shrink back with shame, and dis-
 own ye.

peers are not tangible, their goods are no ways secured from the clutches of the hungry law.

* As to dancing Peers and great folks, they are of ancient standing; witness Sir Christopher Hatton, who was the favoured of Elizabeth, from being quite *au fait* at turning out his toes. But of later date, who does not know, that Lord Lainsborough, in Queen Anne's reign, was so fond of this amusement, as to advise his sovereign to jig away her grief for the loss of George of Denmark—nay, even the solemn station of a Lord Chancellor has not withheld him from dancing reels, to the no small wonder of his brethren, the sapient *periwigged* judges.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Refinement ne'er is look'd for in the hind,
But when the great in birth and title fail ;
They ne'er can hope respect and love to find ;
For lowly fools 'gainst noble fools will rail.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION XLIX.

OF THE DISEASED FOOL, THAT WILL NOT
ATTEND TO HIS PHYSICIAN.

Crudelem medicum intemperans aeger facit.

" WHAT ails thee fool ?" some friend doth cry,
" I'm passing sick, and like to die ;"
" What's thy disorder ?"—" Bile and rheum,"
" Thou hast a doctor I presume ?"
" A doctor, yes ; who sends me oceans,
" But I ne'er take his filthy potions *."

* This folly is the more unaccountable, as it is certain to terminate finally in that event which is the most dreaded by every class of fools ; so that it may certainly be said, the foolery brings with it the reward of its folly ; but, speaking of sickness, who can call to mind these beautiful lines of Shakspeare, and not allow their sterling merit.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound : we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind,
To suffer with the body.

The fev'rish fool thus having said,
Rising with hectic cough in bed ;
Pulls loud the bell—in John doth steal,
And to his master takes the meal ;
When, lo, to cure this sick man's croaking,
A roast duck stuff'd appears quite smoking.

Astonish'd at so strange a sight,
And wond'ring at his appetite ;
The friend exclaims, " Why, this is fuel !"
" To quench thy fever, take some gruel ;"
" Pshaw !" cries the fool, "'tis vain entreating,
" I'll rather die than quit good eating."

A week transpires, the sick fool's worse,
The knocker's ty'd, he's got a nurse ;
Another comes, his situation
Demands physicians' consultation
A third ensues, there ends all scoffing,
He's safe screw'd up in sable coffin *.

* There is another folly, which, when opposed to that at present under consideration, is no less ridiculous. It consists in placing too much reliance on physical ; and a very curious instance of which is related by the French historians, in the person of the savage Lewis XI. who,

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Why, if advice thou wilt not heed,
 Need'st thou for a physician send?
 If thou wilt act thyself the deed,
 The doctor can't prolong thine end.

while he inflicted tortures on hundreds, was himself even more afflicted; for we are informed, that he was so much the slave of one *Jacques Coctier*, his physician, that he suffered at his hands the most insolent and threatening language; conceiving that his life was solely preserved to him by the skill he professed; and *Jacques Coctier*, on such occasions would increase the horrors of the monarch, by exclaiming—"Je sçais que vous me donnerez mon congé, comme vous l'avez donné a d'autres; then, rolling his eyes and swearing, he would add, "mais vous ne vivrez pas huit jours apres." Upon which, the king would humbly crave mercy, and submit to any degradation. But at this conduct of *Coctier* to his sovereign we need not be surprised, when we are told by *Gagnia*, in his Latin history, that the wretch did not scruple to order as remedies for his royal patient, the warm blood of infants to drink, as well as to bathe in. That the reader, however, may learn the consummate folly of this monarch, in its full extent, it is necessary to add, that when he found the powers of medicine fail, *Al mal mortale né medicar, nè medecina vale*,

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

he sent for a very pious hermit, called *François Martotille*, whom he received with as much ceremony as if he had been the sovereign Pontiff, and to this pious old man he prostrated himself to earth, supplicating by promises and gifts that he would intercede with Heaven, to grant him a prolongation of existence; but *Martotille* being too honest to profit by this foolery of the king, exhorted him, on the contrary, rather to think of the world to come, than the present state of existence; which advice was far from the monarch's wish, who therefore dismissed the hermit, and as a *dernier resort*, being wrought upon by superstitious timidity, he literally caused various relics of saints to be arranged around his bed (which were not only brought from different parts of his own dominions, but procured at an enormous expense from Rome and Constantinople) by means of which, he conceived, that the approach of death would be barred from him. It is merely necessary to add, that the punishment Lewis XI. thus experienced, seemed but a manifestation of the just vengeance of Omnipotence, for the sanguinary proceedings which characterized the reign of that monarch.

SECTION L.

OF FOOLS THAT WILLINGLY PUT THEM-
SELVES IN THE WAY OF PERIL.

———Idemens ! et savas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio finas.

OF sportsmen I've already spoken,
Whose limbs and necks so oft are broken ;
But now behold the buck quite dashing,
Who down fam'd Bond Street must be splashing;
On boot high perch'd the palm to win,
With four blood horses half broke in.

For fame as knight o'the whip thus striving,
Through ranks close hemm'd of coaches driving ;
His furious steeds each moment whipping,
And all competitors outstripping ;
Is all his aim, and that each stranger,
May see him, fool-like, dare all danger *.

* It is certain that though the rashest actions have at times been crowned with success, they are but few in

If racing, that the fool may win it,
He'd fain go one mile in the minute ;
For which he urges, spurs, and whips,
In hopes to vie with fam'd Eclipse ;
And striving still to gallop faster,
Down drops the racer with his master.

number, when compared with the destructive termination which has in general accompanied this species of folly.— Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, proved himself a rash fool, in opposing the whole army of the Turks at Bender, when he had but a few followers ; nor was there more real bravery in his conduct than was displayed some years back, by the fool who walked round the iron balustrade which appears at the summit of the monument ; for in both cases, the same fact will hold good, viz. had the Swedish monarch been shot, no one would have pitied his fate, but branded him with the well earned appellation of fool ; and, in like manner, if the idiot who sported himself on the rail of the monument, had been precipitated to the bottom, there would have been but one opinion—That his foolhardiness well merited its punishment. Such being the fact, let all rash men, ere they undertake an action, consider only what will be the derision of mankind, if they fail, and that simple interrogatory will at once instruct them, whether or no their conduct is sanctioned by the dictates of reason, common sense, and *prudence*, for the latter requisite is as absolutely essential to real courage, as any other.

A strumpet's character's so tender,
That fools there are, who, to defend her,
Their lives consult no more than pullets,
And willing meet th' offender's bullets ;
Thus wisely suseiting his hobby,
By being shot *—for row in lobby.

* Notwithstanding the modern vocabulary of honour, which tells a man to risk his life, because another treads upon the tail of his dog ; I must nevertheless affirm, that such conduct has nothing to do with real courage ; for there are but very few injuries of such a glaring nature as to demand the blood of one fellow creature at the hands of another. Would it argue real courage, let me ask, for a man of a delicate and weak habit, and quite devoid of skill, to put his strength in opposition to an experienced bruiser ? or would it redound to the credit of an individual who had never fired a pistol, to place himself within twelve paces of a man who could hit a crown piece at 30 yards, and who was to have the first shot into the bargain ; if such be the standard bravery, and the touchstone of honour, I must certainly coincide with Falstaff, when he exclaims,

“ What is honour ? a word—What is that word honour ? Air ; a trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that died a *Wednesday*. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No.”

No jot are modern belles less tardy,
To show themselves alike fool hardy ;
Who of their health are grown so thriftless,
As to go next akin to shiftless ;
“ Art,” they exclaim, “ is naught to us,”
In puris naturalibus.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Short is life's span, and much we have to do,
Their final doom none court but little wits ;
For death your fools and madmen only sue,
Wise men will live as long as God permits.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each *Rara Avis*,
Crowds flock to man my *Stultifera Navis*.

Dr. Paley, in his Political and Moral Philosophy, very justly observes, that honour is nothing more than a law instituted by one certain class of people which is to act as a tie upon another, having no reference whatever, either to religion or morality; and with respect to that species of honour which prompts a man to rush headlong into ruin, it is invariably the rule, that if the actor succeeds, he is crowned with the applause of the multitude; whereas, if he fails, he is sure to be as universally reprehended.

SECTION LI.

OF GENTLEMEN FOOLS.

*Licet superbus ambules pecunie,
Fortuna non mutat genus.*

SOME cheesemonger or tallowchandler,
Who's got by trade of gold command sir ;
To vie with gentlefolks aspires ;
Thinks no one half so bless'd by fate,
As when he's got a fine estate ;
And to his country seat retires *.

With purse-proud folly overbearing,
And ignorance beyond comparing,

* On the score of tradesmen having country seats, I have only to remark, that if our men of title and fashion do not look sharp about them, all the estates of their ancestors will become the property of the mercantile part of this country. Thanks to their own depravity !

He struts the potent village peer;
 Not conqu'ring Alexander fam'd,
 Could with this pompous fool be nam'd,
 Or half so high his visage rear*.

Forgetful when he was his shop in,
 And bacon rashers sold in Wapping,
 With cheese and butter, eggs in scores;
 Or else the cotton which was dipping
 In stinking tallow, cook maids' dripping;
 And sold spruce moulds, short eights, long
 fours.

No longer such plain truths allowing,
 He looks of course to others' bowing;
 As when on Sabbath holy;
 Quite consequential to the view,
 He struts along the aisle to pew,
 While peasants bend quite lowly †.

* Shakspeare says truly,

“Small things make base men proud;”

and certainly to him who knows not justly how to appreciate riches, nothing can be more despicable—It is but
 “throwing pearls before swine.”

A chi Fortuna suona, poco senno basta.

† It is the province of ignorance to lord it most when
 favoured with the smiles of fortune, for—

Behind, his rib—dame Lard, or Wick, sir,
 Struts on, with heir apparent Dick, sir,
 And miss, with tawdry sash and frock ;
 Mamma, with face both broad and brawny,
 And lank-hair'd master, quite a sawney,
 The miss's head a barber's block.

Devoid of manners, taste, and science*,
 To books this jolt-head bids defiance,
 His booby spoil'd son goes astray ;
 Spends all his wealth—weds a street-walker ;
 Miss is in love—John's a fine talker,
 So with dad's footman runs away.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Vain would this dolt the mental pow'rs refresh,
 And banish ills by habit long inhal'd ;
 What's in the bone must ever taint the flesh,
 He's the bad shilling to the counter nail'd.

Pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride : for supple knees
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

* A ludicrous trial, in which a sugar plumb City Knight was defendant, having assaulted a Carman in the Greenwich-road, on the score of precedence, affords a

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

ome, trim the boat, row on'each Rara Avis,
owds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

he specimen of this species of ignorant and overbearing
ide.

—————He that's proud eats up himself. Pride is
own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and
atever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed
he praise.

SECTION LII.

OF FOOLS WHO IN AGE GIVE BAD EXAMPLES
TO YOUTH.

— Velocius ac citius nos,
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis,
Cum subeant animos auctoribus.

If old fools are to eating prone,
And will indulge when at the table ;
'Tis little wonder sense must own,
That youths should guttle while they're able.

If grey hairs will get drunk with wines,
And yield to shameful conversation ;
No wonder youth that way inclines,
And wafts to lewdness his oblation *.

* If we are to judge of our ancestors, by the conduct of the rising generation, they must indeed have been very expert practitioners in every species of debauchery and iniquity ; as we may well exclaim to *ninety-nine* out of the hundred of both sexes in the present era, *Ecc signum !*

If dotards will be fops and game,
 And 'spite of impotence be wenching *;
 Why feel surprise ? youth doth the same,
 Whose raging fuel needs some quenching.

If mothers will give bad advice,
 'Tis little wonder that the daughter
 Is not in virtue over nice,
 When we reflect the parent taught her †.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If moral thou wouldst see the rising race,
 Beware, nor let thy faults appear in view ;
 Such conduct will their dawning ills efface,
 And they'll prove virtuous, finding worth in
 you.

* We certainly have a sufficiency of old fools, both with and without titles, to corrupt any youthful race that has flourished since the period of our great progenitor *Adam*, and on the score of conversation, they certainly verify the Latin proverb,

Corrumpunt bonos mores, colloquia prava.

† Would to Heaven that the string of divorces, which has of late years contaminated the page of female morality in high life, did not avouch the truth of our Poet's as-

THE PORT'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

section, and that the conduct of modern wives was an escort to these lines from Butler.

When o'er the breeches greedy women,
Fight to extend their vast dominion ;
When wives their sexes shift like hares,
And ride their husbands, like night mares ;

For when men by their wives are cow'd,
Their horns of course are understood.

SECTION LIII.

OF THE ENVIOUS FOOL.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

CAN you no worth in others see,
That you will nourish jealousy,
And from just praise refrain?
What reason, fool, have you to care,
Although your face be not so fair,
Should that give cause for pain*?

Or, will you cherish rancour's probe?
Because you see another's robe
More costly to the view?

* The female sex is proverbial for envy; and particularly that part whom Nature has not arrayed in such external fascinations as others can boast; as if the human countenance was everlasting; and that the mind and manners did not possess more sterling fascinations than those of the body.

“ My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.”

Or, that you can less science show
 In music? Or, like Parisot,
 The figure steps can't do*?

Or, why should man his spirits vex,
 To hear from all the female sex,
 Another's form commended†?

* Every little accomplishment is equally a source of envious detraction; but not alone to the bodily requisites do these meannesses extend; virtue itself is not proof against calumny; for so rancorous is her tooth, that, as Livy says,

Cœca invidia est; nec quidquam aliud scit, quam detractare virtutes.

† I have alluded above to the folly of females, in regard to envy: not that I can discriminate the difference of a shade between them and the male part of the creation, which is equally enslaved by this degrading folly: for, let a man be extolled in a society of males for any superior endowments, whether mental or corporeal, and you will never fail to hear the *hue and cry* raised against him for numberless faults, to counterbalance the eulogium, whether they belong to him or not. The injured man, however, has always this consolation, that, notwithstanding the tale may be credited by the multitude of fools, the wise man will always discern the truth, and see clearly through the flimsy veil, which malicious spi-

Why feed on mean and envious thought,
 To see a mind with learning fraught,
 And polish'd manners blended?

Rather let such the model be
 Of emulation unto thee :
 A sure reward thou'lt find.
 For, by such tributary praise,
 Thou'lt weave for thine own brow the bays;
 Ennobling soul and mind.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Be wise, O fool! and, if thou wouldst find rest,
 Forth from thy mind each envious thought
 dispel :
 For he that hugs this demon to his breast,
 Is curs'd thro' life with an eternal hell*.

rits, conscious of their own inferiority, purposely weave,
 In order to conceal the truth from their envious minds.

* This advice of the poet cannot be better illustrated
 than by quoting these words of Juvenal :

Invidia Siculi non invenere tyranni;

Tormentum majus.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION LIV.

OF FOOLS WHO BELIEVE IN PREDES- TINATION.

Che sara sara.

Make fools believe in their foreseeing
Of things, before they are in being:
As if the *planet's* first aspect,
The tender infant did infect,
In soul and body, and instill
All future good and future ill.

THIS fool, who shows bells, cap, and ladle,
Vows that, ere yet a babe in cradle,
His destiny, by fate, was told,
How he should wear both clout and frock;
The meazles suffer, chicken pock,
The hooping cough; and catch a cold.

'Twas equally a point momentous,
And a forewarning, most portentous,
For playing truant, jest in church;

Or, when in school, neglecting book,
 Or, running scores with pastry cook,
 That breech should feel the twitch of birch*.

In youth, 'twas no less necessary
 For him to fall in love with Mary,
 And pay to parish pounds for fun :
 That he full oft should be a failer,
 In sett'ling bills; and that his tailor
 Should hire the bailiff for his dun.

That he, in age, should need no lasses ;
 But, for his eyes, on nose wear glasses ;
 With pain rheumatic crawl about :
 With toothless gums his victuals mumble ;
 And, with ill nature, often grumble,
 When he endures a fit of gout.

* This species of foolish foreknowledge brings to mind
 these lines of Butler :

Some *towns* and *cities*, some, for brevity,
 Have cast the 'versal world's *nativity* ;
 And made the infant stars confess,
 Like stars on children, what they please.

In short, my fool, in mere rotation,
 Your boasted wise predestination *,
 Is nothing more than all men know:
 That some have griefs, and some have joys;
 W'are born, and live till death destroys:
 Omnipotence will have it so.

Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of *monkeys, puppy dogs, and cats*;
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives.

* Voltaire's *Candid*, or, *All for the Best*, is an admirable production, and calculated, in every respect, to prove the fallacy of the doctrine of predestinarians: if any instance is required to prove this folly in its full extent, the reader has only to consider the conduct of the Turks, who are such rooted votaries of predestination, as absolutely to suffer the dead bodies to be exposed in a putrid state, in the time of a plague, rather than be at the trouble of burying them; as they are firmly of opinion, that such conduct would not conduce to extend the infection; for that if the plague is to rage more furiously, it was previously ordained by fate; and therefore no human endeavour could prevent, in the smallest degree, its destructive ravages.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Before man's birth, 'tis thought, his fate is cast,
Be he a beggar, or a chief renown'd :
Yet, when all's said, 'tis only found at last,
That rogues, when hung, are certainly not
drown'd.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION LV.

OF MARTIAL FOOLS.

Bella! Horrida bella!
Matronis detestata.

Who would not be a brave commander*;
In war a raging salamander,
And do as his superior teaches :

* *A cuspidè corona*, should be the soldier's motto: for, even suppose that he is slain, he has acquired the wreath of glory in the grave; that is to say, according to the world's opinion: though, for my own part, I am perfectly well satisfied with the glory of living as long as I can. Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero. for I never think of fighting, but it reminds me of the story of the late facetious Captain Grose, of antiquarian memory, which ran as follows: "Old Lord Ligonier took the charge of his nephew, when commanding the British forces abroad, and at the commencement of the first engagement he was greatly exasperated at the timidity which was evinced by his élève, who excused himself, on

With sword in hand mount deadly breaches:
Or, when the desp'rate foes beset,
Rush on, to eat his bayonet*.

the score of the novelty of the dreadful scene; as the slaughter increased, the young man's fear became less conspicuous, until a musket ball not only levelled to the earth a soldier who was at his side, but splashed his coat with the brains of the deceased. On witnessing this, a visible emotion was depicted on the features of the young soldier, which was noticed by the enraged uncle, who, with a bitter imprecation, vowed that his nephew was a poltron, and only fit to be tied to his mother's apron string. "I beg your pardon, uncle," replied the nephew, archly, and looking at his bedaubed regimental coat, "I am not afraid, but am only astonished to find that a skull here should be possessed of any brains at all."

* The Irish commander, of whom the following anecdote is related, was, in all probability, one of those fiery hot gentlemen, of whom it may be said,

Il sangue del soldato fa grande il capitano.

But to the point in question.

When General O'Kelly was introduced to Louis XIV. soon after the battle of Fontenoy, his Majesty observed, that Clare's regiment behaved well in that engagement. "Sire," said the general, "they behaved well, it is true; many of them were wounded: but my regiment behaved better, for *we were all killed!*"

Who would not, when the fight increases,
 Dash forward to be hack'd in pieces *:
 And, to maintain his courage stainless,
 Present to musket head that's brainless;
 All death, save that of honour's hum:
 For, who'd be wounded in the b—m†?

* Even the sacred functions of the clerical character have been stained with blood, in despite of the precepts of christianity; for it is related in history, that Richard Cœur de Lion, having taken a fighting bishop prisoner, the Pope claimed him as one of his spiritual sons. When the king jocosely sent the Pope the hacked and bloody armour of the bishop, saying, "Lo, this have I found, now know thou if it be thy son's coat or no!"

Such being the case, we may well exclaim,
 Sure war must be the Lord's delight,
 When priests 'mid seas of blood will fight.

† No man, surely, reared to that

————— heroic trade,
 That *demi gods* and heroes made;
 Slaughter, and knocking of the head;
 The trade to which they all are bred,
 could bear such an ignoble idea:

————— What!
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd;
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts *honour*, than deep wounds before.

On siege how noble to be doting,
And lie in trenches till quite floating*;
Or trudge 'mid dust, and sun that parches,
To cut off thousands by forc'd marches;
Till stopp'd, at length, by some redoubt,
Half kill'd, the rest must wheel about!

'Tis brave to form a noble barrier,
And guard the ensign, a rag carrier†;

It is a scandal of such magnitude, that the mere supposition alone is sufficient to make a soldier's cocked hat leap from off his head, or curl the whiskers of an Austrian hussar; it would give animation to the boots of a French chasseur, or blow up a light horseman's leather breeches. In short, there is nothing wonderful that even the bare idea would not effect. *La guerra fa i ladri, e la pace glimpicca.*

* Bravo! Bravissimo! What are rheumatic pains, or the loss of the use of limbs, when put in competition with military glory? To't again: nay, stand up to the neck, and fire away against a flinty wall; 'tis all on the score of honour, which you may thus acquire. *A capite ad calcem.*

† What, witness the taking off a pair of colours! Behold an enemy march away in triumph with half a dozen yards of silk! Zounds and death! Who could submit to

Or rivers cross as wide as Shannon,
 First duck'd, and then made food for cannon:
 Or, hemm'd in fortress, starve like flats,
 Having devour'd cats, mice, and rats*.

After being slain in bloody battle,
 You're well repaid with tittle tattle†;
 Which friends at home rehearse so snugly,
 For you, a mangled corse quite ugly‡:

such indignity! No; rather lead on the *elite* of your forces; let it become *bellum internecinum*, to save the precious stuff, though it only dangles in the wind, slit into shreds and tatters. For, be it remembered,

Sotto l'insegna si fanno i migliori capitani.

* Delicacies, beyond compare, when seasoned with *honour*: for what will not a military stomach digest, whose delight is to feast on death, and play with bullets!

† Ay; and a very decent recompense too, considering that your single arm may have made twenty widows, and as many orphans, in that day's battle, by sending to the shades so many husbands and fathers as your *avant couriers*. But it is all perfectly acceptable to military policy: because two potentates, or ministers, have quarrelled, and therefore call upon the multitude to avenge their injured *honours*.

‡ This is, certainly, rather a *cold* supper for those who prefer *The beginning of a fray to the end of a feast*, and

Who, with your friends, the kindred brave,
Have reap'd it, fool-like*, in the grave.

affords a striking contrast to the spirited lines of our bard :

I saw *the soldier*, with his beaver on,
His cuirasses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd *mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat;
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind the fiery *Pegasus*,
And 'witch the world with noble horsemanship.

* A truce to joking: for though the leading strains of the bard excited risibility, the sober contemplation of this subject is sufficient to excite the keenest emotions in the breast of sensibility, to behold thousands of men, ranged in battle array, fighting for they know not what, and slaughtering they care not whom; and yet, if the very man who falls had been with his enemy in a pot-house, he would as cordially have drank with him, nor dreamt of enmity. O war! Accursed war! Well may thy fabled deity have been depicted as drawn by *terror* and *fear*, led on by *discord*, and followed by *clamour* and *anger*. Well may *Bellona* rear the bloody whip, brandish the flaming torch, and on her head display snakes, dripping with gore. No picture can be too disgusting, no thought more dreadful: as if Omnipotence created men to murder one another. "Did these bones cost no more

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Honour, saith Falstaff, is mere bubble, sound,
An empty name, the madman's darling prize;
Most cherish'd when in cold sepulchral ground,
Most bright when veil'd in death from mortal eyes.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em?" Were the pangs of the mother felt, and the difficulties she had to encounter in rearing her infant, experienced only to serve as food for cannon? Think of that, ye potentates, and let the contemplation stay your thoughts from bloody extermination: and since the human life is but a span at best, learn to abstain from its curtailment.

SECTION LVI.

OF FOOLS WHO DO NOT UNDERSTAND
A GAME, AND YET WILL PLAY.

Al finir del givoco si ve de chi guadagna.

He fights against experience stout,
That, always losing, holds it out;
And, knowing nothing of the game,
Makes skilful players do the same;
Who, leading card for him to answer,
He'll only do it by mere chance, sir*.

Supposing hundreds were at stake,
And all the senses wide awake,

* This is, certainly, a very amusing circumstance; particularly when the partner has betted upon the rubber with half a dozen persons; and expects, that what was the effect of chance, originated in a thorough knowledge of the game, which he too soon finds out, by lamentable experience, was not the case.

'is sure enough to make one sick,
 /hen, fighting hard for single trick,
 o view the fool, who then might choose it,
 rump your best card, and thereby lose it*.

'ainst player fam'd the ideot see,
 /ho bets at billiards gallantly,
 o strike a cannon, pocket balls;
 /hen mark what sad mischance befalls:
 le makes the daring effort, silly elf!
 .nd, missing all, naught pockets but himself†.

n all those games which skill require,
 'our fools, thus obstinate, admire

* For a splenetic man, and a very fine player, or a rabbed old maid, that has, for the last twenty years, been glued to a whist table, and who places great reliance on her card money, to experience this circumstance, is a shock easier conceived than expressed, and productive of effects, not unlikely to set all the company resent in a dreadful uproar.

† This game, which solely depends on science and practice, is too often mangled by unskilful hands: and the ridiculous attitudes into which it frequently throws, not only the player, but the bye standers, is well exposed in Bunbury's caricature of the Billiard Room,

To persevere, and thereby choose
Their time and cash at once to lose.
Nay, more—they'll laugh, and think it funny,
To squander thus their partner's money*.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If thou enact'st the zany, 'tis no rule,
That others should be deck'd in ideot fame.
'Tis, sure, enough to play thyself the fool;
And not make them the partners of thy game.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

* This race of fools is very extensive; no card room being without some of its votaries, to the no small discomfiture of such as have to own them for partners in a game.

SECTION LVII.

OF FOOLS WHO PLACE THEIR TRUST IN HERITAGE.

Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For, in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

THINE uncle, fool, thou say'st, is sickly,
And therefore, doubtless, will die quickly,
And leave to thee his lands and gold.
But, folks in years, will act contrary;
And, growing of their pelf quite wary,
Will live to guard it till they're old.

Year after year is still succeeding,
While, anxious, thou thine uncle heeding;
At eighty view'st him hale as thee :

'Tis then thou think'st he'll sudden hop off,
In fit of apoplexy pop off,
And end, at length, thy misery.

How vain thine hope ! To heritage farewell !
Thine uncle, hearty, hears thy passing bell*.

* Every day affords instances of this nature ; proving the fallacy of this species of dependence in fools : an instance, however, of rather a different nature, and where the youth was greatly to be pitied, is recorded in the Lowther family, to the following effect : The uncle of that name, who was as rich as he was penurious, had a nephew, without a shilling, and whose whole dependence was on his relative's will, which would have been in the young man's favour, but for the following circumstance : Old Lowther, returning home one night, fell down, and dangerously wounded his leg ; for which, however, he would not have advice, on account of the expense which would be thereby incurred : when the nephew, feeling for his relative's situation, applied to a surgeon, explaining the penurious principle of the old gentleman, and requesting that he would attend him, as if through charity, but that he should be secretly paid by himself for his trouble ; which being agreed upon, the nephew informed old Lowther that he could procure advice, gratis, which greatly delighted his uncle ; who, in consequence, assumed a different name, and took a mean

Or else prim aunt. Old women live long,
Is the dear burden of some youth's song,
Who rests all hope upon her will ;
Stifles to please her jocund pleasures,
And ponders o'er the bible's treasures ;
And heeds those morals she'll instill.

Thus in hope's bright sunshine basking,
The youth, one day, his spleen unmasking,
Pinches her pet ; loud Ponto cries :
Or treads on tabby's tail—unwilling ;
For which, poor youth, he finds one shilling
In will bequeath'd him when she dies*.

lodging in the purlieu of St. Giles's, where he was attended by the surgeon, who, after some weeks, saved the loss of his leg, and, in all probability, his life, by effecting a complete cure. Unfortunately for the youth, the real fact came to the uncle's ear, who had amused himself with the supposition of his cure having been completed without cost: when, in return for the kind proceedings of his nephew, he not only discountenanced him from that hour, but made a fresh will, and cut him off with a shilling.

* Lady D——y afforded an instance of this kind, who literally left every shilling away from her next of kin, because he one day chanced to tear out a fly leaf from her prayer book.

Go, fool, and for the loss of time repent,
Which thus, in hope of heritage was spent.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

He who exists, desiring other's death,
Lives but on air, and wagers breath 'gainst
breath.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION LVIII.

OF TRADING FOOLS.

Fortuna multis dat nimium, nulli satis.

To gold this fool pays such devotion,
That, to ensure the precious store,
He, on the wide, inconstant ocean,
Ventures his certain wealth for more*.

Now billows raging, winds loud beating,
Soon the fragile bark destroy :
Or, if rocks, shoals, or quicksands meeting,
Farewell the golden dreams of joy†.

* When the mercantile fool acts thus, he may well exclaim, *Fortunæ cætera mando*: or verify the Italian proverb, that says, *A torto si lamenta del mare, chi due volte ei vuol tornare.*

† When the evil arrives, the fool then recollects the words of Syrus too late, who saith, *Fortuna vitrea est, tum cum splendet, frangitur.*

But, if dame fortune, less capricious,
 Wafts to thee the precious mine ;
 Awake, thou fear'st—while dreams suspicious,
 Ev'ry succeeding night are thine*.

For what's possess'd, thou prov'st ungracious;
 And thus defy'st all common sense ;
 Relying on pursuit fallacious,
 Though bless'd with ease and competence.

Thus ever thankless fools, unsteady,
 Spite of their reason, act amiss :
 And, to exchange for ills, are ready,
 The body's ease and mental bliss†.

* This stanza of the poet brings to mind the words of Shakspeare, who, speaking of fortune, thus expresses himself:

Will fortune never come with both hands full ;
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach, and no food ;
 Such are the poor in health : or else, a feast,
 And takes away the stomach : such the rich,
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not,

† No country can afford more instances of maniac, speculative fools, than England, where they not only risk

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Take special care, my friend, of what is thine ;
For, this plain truth I'd have thee understand ;
The storm will follow, tho' the sun doth shine :
Two birds in bush are not worth one in hand.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

their fortunes in ventures abroad, but will equally grasp at any mad scheme at home. Some delve for mines in the bowels of the earth, and procure naught but dust for their cost and pains ; whilst others must build houses for wise men to purchase at half price, when the speculator has become a bankrupt. In short, there is nothing too absurd for the folly of discontented minds, which prompts them to exchange affluence for poverty, ease and liberty, for the confines of a gaol.

SECTION LIX.

OF FOOLS THAT WILL NOT SPEAK THE
TRUTH, FOR FEAR OF PUNISHMENT.

Quem pernitet peccasse, pene est innocens.

THE wily fool, by fraud and lies;
Will strive to veil from others' eyes,
A fault that's of inferior name,
Compar'd with that abhorred shame,
Which doubly taints him with disgrace,
While striving smaller faults t'efface*.

* The lines of Shakspeare, on falsehood, are beautifully expressive, where he says,

Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

For, there's in lying such a charm,
Men thereby think t'escape the harm*;
And thus punishment's lash evade;
Being in tenfold sin array'd:
Forgetful that, by frank confession,
You half efface the first transgression.

Full oft you find that heedless youth†,
Bring on themselves by such untruths;
A father's unrelenting ire,
When, from his knowledge they desire

* *La scusa del peccato accresce il peccato.*

† There is some palliative for the petty untruths of children, who seek to evade the rod, through the medium of falsehood; as well as for the felon, who knows that confession must bring him to the gallows; but when we find veracity neglected, where it would not only, in a great measure, obliterate the first offence, but save the guiltiness of a second fault, (than which none is more mean and despicable) there can be no excuse whatsoever for its commission. Thus, the fool, though he laughs in his sleeve, having practised on others, by his falsehood, hath too frequently to rue the effects of the folly, committed against himself: therefore let these words of *Seneca* be ever kept in remembrance:

Quem pœnitet peccasse, pene est innocens.

Their faults to hide : whereas contrition,
With truth, had banish'd all punishment.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

He, who conviction of one fault doth feel,
And errs anew, the former sin to hide,
Flies, like the ruin'd gambler, to conceal
His rashness, by the stroke of suicide.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

SECTION LX.

OF FOOLS WHOSE LABOUR CONSTITUTES
THEIR PLEASURE.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

To rise at dawn this fool takes pains ;
Tho' not to stock his silly brains,
And boast bright wisdom's rules ;
He rather idles time away,
And loves from wisdom's path to stray,
With other kindred fools.

He riseth with the matin sun,
And takes his pointer and his gun,
To toil thro' foul and fair ;
To wade thro' bog, o'er hedge to scramble,
And feel the wound from many a bramble,
In hopes to kill an hare *.

* That pursuit must indeed be *noble* which has for its aim so *glorious* an *atchievement*, as the slaughter of an

Thro' new plough'd lands well drench'd with rains,
Up the steep hills, o'er swampy plains,
While wet o'ertops his boot,
Full thirty tedious miles he trudges,
Fatigue nor loss of time he grudges,
So he his brace can shoot.

Jaded at dark he gains his doors,
Gorges and drinks and yawns and snores,
And hies at length to bed;
What fool but envies him the lot
Of being dubb'd a d—d good shot,
The most that can be said *?

animal inoffensive and timid like the hare; but indeed the avocations of these fools, are upon a par with the perspicuity of their understandings, which are invariably circumscribed to the capability of breaking in a pointer, shooting at a mark with precision, cleansing the lock and barrel of a fowling-piece, finding out the best covers, giving the *view halloo*, and sitting the longest at the table without getting dead drunk. These are sporting glories, which afford copious matter for conversation and exultation, even when the idiot has not an eye left to discern a partridge from a woodcock, or a hand steady enough to hit the great tun at Heidelbergh, though at the distance of one yard.

* Truly a very pretty and concise way of winding up

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

If half the time thus spent in useless toil,
Was giv'n but to th' instruction of the mind,
These fools would not at common sense recoil,
And in laborious follies pleasure find.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

or giving the *ultimatum* of a gentleman's education! yet it is a *true bill*, as sufficient instances are adduceable in every county of the united kingdoms of this realm, to warrant the opinion of the poet.

SECTION LXI.

OF FOOLS WHO DESPISE MISFORTUNE.

Quemcunque miserum videris, hominem scias.

CONTEMN not, fool, with ideot laugh,
Those pangs which others may endure ;
From mis'ry's cup thou soon may's't quaff,
And be, like them, despis'd and poor.

If others are bereft of store *,
And pine in poverty away ;
Why shouldst thou add one pang the more,
Augmenting griefs with smiles so gay?

* The purse-proud, overbearing ostentation of menial minds, when gifted with riches, is one of the acutest torments a liberal and scientific man can experience, who is the sport of untoward fortune ; since he has not only to endure the evil from a wretch in every respect his inferior, but also to stifle those generous emotions which a just sense of contempt inspires, when heightened by the polish of education.

Want is the scorn of ev'ry wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

Or if the body should sustain
Some direful shock ; some dread disguise ;
Hast thou the heart to jeer at pain,
Canst thou deformity despise * ?

If loss of parent or of friend,
Excites the pungent thrill of woe ;
Needs't thou thy shameful mirth extend,
And laugh to scorn death's rueful blow † ?

Why should thy folly *fear* deride,
The timid ne'er can harm thy rest ;
The downfall too of pompous pride,
With joy should never swell thy breast ‡.

* No folly can be more indecorous than that of deriding any bodily infirmity ; for the province of a wise man is to profit by the example, and offer due thanks to the great Father of all, for having spared him from a similar misfortune.

† This is a species of barbarity which, though less frequent among fools, is, nevertheless, indulged in at periods, to the utter disgrace of its practitioner, therefore, let the words of Ovid be ever kept in mind, who emphatically saith,

Res est sacra miser.

‡ To ridicule the timid, or deride fallen greatness, is

Think, fool, altho' thou snil'st this hour,
 The next may give thee cause to weep;
 For there's yet one Omniscient Pow'r,
 Whose justice ne'er was known to sleep.

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

The bless'd religious precept ne'er disclaim,
 Which tow'rd philanthropy unceasing tends,
 Instructing thee to cherish all the same,
 And even feel for foes as well as friends.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
 Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

a certain index of a mean and dastardly spirit; nor can the annotator, however enamoured of Shakspeare, peruse, without a sensation of disgust, those particular scenes in Henry VIII. and the Merchant of Venice; in the former of which drama is conveyed the mean tauntings of the noblemen sent to divest Wolsey of his state offices, while the latter contains the most ungenerous reflections on the religion and misfortunes of the ruined Shylock: there, is, however, little doubt, but that the poet, in the latter instance, was guided more by the popular prejudice of those times, than prompted to indulge in mean reflections against the vindictive Israelite from any inherent littleness of mind.

SECTION LXII.

OF THE FOLLY OF ALL THE WORLD.

Ce monde est plein de fous, et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.

ALL the world's a mass of folly,
Youth is gay, age melancholy ;
Youth is spending, age is thrifty,
Mad at twenty, cold at fifty.
Man is naught but folly's slave,
From the cradle to the grave *.

What creates the infant's joy ?
Rattle, bells, and painted toy :
What the youth's ? the wish to prove,
All his fervor, all his love ;
And these pastimes, when grown old,
All forgot ; absorb'd in gold †.

* It is sufficient to annotate this stanza with the words
of Horace,

Omnes stultos insanire.

† From the moment reason begins to assume its em-

What but wealth is man pursuing,
 What but gold is man's undoing ;
 Mundane glory's supposition,
 Worldly pleasure's imposition ;
 Health's precarious, life's uncertain,
 Soon or late, death drops the curtain.

Rear'd in folly's ideot schoolerie,
 Ev'ry age thus boasts its foolerie ;
 From the mewling infant season,
 To man's dotage—want of reason * :
 Then bravo, fool, thy flag's unfurl'd,
 And waves the ensign of the world.

porium, folly and vice equally claim a share of the human mind, because the passions ripen quicker than the intellect, and it was on this account, that *Bias*, one of the seven sages of Greece, hath said,

Οἱ πλείους κακός.

* It appears very surprising, on the first contemplation, that men should slip into the different stages of existence, indulging in their foibles, without being scarcely ever noticed by those individuals who surround them ; yet this is not at all to be wondered at, when we consider that

*Nimum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod,
 Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.*

L'ENVOY OF THE POET.

Folly and humankind agree so well,
Zany shall toll dame reason's passing knell.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, cheer up fools, these welcome tidings
greet,
For now the world is yours, there's room for
bliss ;
Such countless numbers shall fit out a fleet,
Instead of manning only one Navis.

SECTION LXIII.

DESCRIPTION OF A WISE MAN.

Hated by fools, and fools to hate ;
Be such my motto and my fate.

La più gloriosa di tutte le vittorie à vincer se medesimo.

Show me the man, less read in Romans, Greeks,
Than prone to think before his mind he speaks;
Whose judgment is not founded on mere rules
Of college pedants, and your men of schools ;
But well digested in his classic mind,
From active converse with all human kind.

Show me the man, so temperate and cool,
As rather to be mute than cope with fool ;

Glad to instruct where knowledge is desir'd,
 And at the call of reason's voice inspir'd :
 Most cautious, how he grounds an argument,
 And in pronouncing judgment diffident.

Show me the man, who with great fools ne'er
 vies,
 And in discerning, sees with his own eyes ;
 Who in bright virtue views the soul's best balm,
 And feels that science keeps the passions calm ;
 Whose trust in Heav'n all thoughts of hate allays,
 Learns him to pity those he cannot praise.

Show me the being, so well understood,
 Whom none e'er found to do what was not good,
 Whose judgment ne'er arraign'd the will of God,
 And tho' thus pure, obedient kiss'd his rod ;
 Who neither hugg'd his life, nor wish'd to die,
 His hope fix'd stedfast on eternity.

Show me this man ; or, if I ask too much,
 Produce that one who aims at being such ;
 And he, as rock unmov'd, 'mid tempests' roar,
 Shall smile when fools and folly are no more ;

And, 'mid the crash of worlds—*true** *Rara Avis*,
View the great wreck of *Stultifera Navis*†.

* Happy would the annotator conceive himself, was he but enabled to adduce a single instance, wherein he might display to his readers, a *Rara Avis* like that described by the poet; but, unfortunately, neither the page of history, or his own converse with mankind, has yet empowered him to note down, in his vocabulary, a single instance of the kind; every individual, either from tradition, or, after his actual association with him, having proved in some measure impregnated with the mania of folly, not even to spare the sages of antiquity; who either lost their reason in the mazes of research, or had some latent spark of animal depravity attached to their lives. The conduct of Cincinnatus, perhaps, is as much characterized by wisdom as that of any famous individual recorded in the annals of history, since he displayed his love for content, *Huomo contento à più ricco del mondo*; yet even the mode of action which he adopted, may be arraigned by sceptics on the score of selfishness, since it was his duty to dispense for the common good, the virtues which adorned his character, instead of retiring from the scene of action, to bury his glories in a *turnip field*.

† Should any mortal feel so enamoured of the character above depicted, as to become desirous of realizing this *Rara Avis* in himself, I will lay down a rule of action, which, if pursued, cannot fail of producing the desired end:

Vivi come se tu havessi domani da morire, studia come
se havessi da viver sempre.

O ! let each new revolving day be pass'd,
As if to-morrow was to be the last ;
But in thy studies, as industrious be,
As if thy life were an eternity.

SECTION LXIV.

OF THE REWARD OF WISDOM *.

The wise shall inherit glory ; but shame shall be the promotion of fools.

WISDOM looks calmly on the shafts of fate,
Truly enthron'd in its own mental state ;
Arm'd against vice, its empire it destroys,
And tastes hereafter everlasting joys †.

* Happy is the man *that* findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

† The poet having so well described in one stanza, the reward of wisdom, here and hereafter, it would be needless to add any thing further by way of note upon the subject: his only hope, therefore is, that more individuals may deserve the recompense, than have come within the pale of his cognizance ; for the words of Solomon have been too universally verified, who saith,

“ Wisdom crieth out in the streets ; but no one regardeth her.”

THE POET'S EXCLAMATION TO FOOLS.

How strange that godlike man will persevere,
And spurn the good, rejecting wisdom here ;
Since 'tis as easy this reward to win,
As stain the body and the soul with sin !

SECTION LXV.

OF BACKBITERS, AND SUCH AS SHALL DESPISE THIS WORK.

O ye simple, understand wisdom, and ye fools, be ye of
an understanding heart.

Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the
streets :

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity ? and
the scornors delight in their scorning ; and fools hate
knowledge ?

MANY there are, who on my page shall look,
That doubtless will revile this little book ;
The reason's plain—for there are few indeed,
Who will not trace their portraits *, as they read ;

* That this will prove the case, there needs no ghost
from the grave to tell us ; but that there will be found any
possessed of sufficient candour to allow it, is quite a dif-
ferent matter ; for the cry will be on all sides—" God
bless me ! how much that reminds me of so and so !"
" Well, one would really suppose, that the poet had had
Lord this, or the other in his eye, when he committed

And naught in folly's brain creates such terror,
As to proclaim aloud its favourite error.

Yet tho' condemn'd by most part of mankind,
As censor public—Critic most unkind;
I shall not shrink, nor from the truth abstain,
For wounds when prob'd must give the patient
pain :

Therefore I'll publish—naught the clamour
heeding*,
Lavish'd by fools†, while they my theme are
reading.

his ideas to paper;" yet, while those wondrous discoveries are making, the fools will carefully withhold from the mention of their own fooleries, howsoever well their heads may be adapted for the cap which has been made for them.

* This is certainly very contemptuous of the poet, who might have used the words of our bard, to convey his idea of the effect produced upon his labours by the slander of fools.

————— For haply slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.

† I make no doubt, but that numerous fools, on the pe-

Some minds there are, not so much zany's*
tools,

As with deaf ears to greet my Ship of Fools;
To such, tho' few†, I dedicate my lays,
My muse well recompens'd by their just praise;

rusal of this little book, would be heartily glad to realize
the Italian proverb, which saith,

Se la lingua fosse una lancia farebbe più male, che
dieci altra.

* The poet has ventured a great deal in this line;
grant that his affirmation may be verified by experience.
I must certainly say, that if there are any such, who re-
fuse the meed of approbation, I shall at once pronounce,
that they were not possessed of a single grain of gratitude,
which is the worst that can be said of human nature, for,

Ingratum si dixeris omnia dicis,

Or, to use the words of Young:

He that's ungrateful has no crime but one,
All other vices may pass for virtues in him.

† In this third line, the bard has checked himself with
the word *few*, a very lucky circumstance truly, for to find
him tripping in judgment, after censuring all the world,
(his *few* excepted) would indeed have subjected him even
to the ridicule of folly, which would have been warranted
in its full extent, while the scoffers, in arraying him in
their own bells, cap, and ladle, and calling him *fool*, would
have said with Horace,

But as for countless numbers that refuse 'em,
They are but fools, and therefore I excuse 'em*.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Come, trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

—————Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat?

* And doubtless will repay their neglect as Jaques did
the moralizing of the fool, who saith,

————— When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticlear,

That fools should be so deep contemplative :

And I did laugh, *sans* intermission,

An hour by his dial. O ! noble fool,

A worthy fool—motley's the only wear !

SECTION LXVI.

THE AUTHOR A FOOL.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest;
A motley fool—a miserable world—
As I do live by food, I met a fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I.—No, Sir; quoth he:
Call me not fool, till Heav'n hath sent me fortune.

As I've judg'd others, by that very rule,
Must I alike condemn myself for fool*:

* Heyday! What have we here? A very pretty confession, indeed! So, after all, I have only been annotating the sections of a fool: a glorious recompense, truly, for all my toil.—Yet, soft; let us not condemn too rashly: for, perhaps, the two next lines may be tantamount to the unsaying what hath been before said: therefore, by your leaves, gentle fools.

For who, that was not oaf, would take such
pains,

To store a world of empty skulls * with brains?
Then, row on, fools; my vessel's ably mann'd,
Well freighted, sense and virtue to withstand.
Vain are opponents: wisdom naught can do,
While this great globe's the ship—mankind
the crew.

* Ho! Ho! That's your meaning, is it, Mr. Poet?
I now comprehend the text perfectly: ay, and must
coincide with you in opinion, by calling you a most con-
summate fool. Why, as I live, there will not, perhaps,
be one zany found, who will think fit to requite the bard,
by even honouring his labours with a perusal; or, if any
such should appear, what will avail all this exposition of
folly, and the advice to fools? Why, it is but scattering
chaff before the wind, or strewing pearls in the way of
swine; and then, what are to become of all my notes,
truly; and who is to repay me for the time I have ex-
pended, which might have been so much more profitably
employed under the directions of a *Minerva*? Zounds
and death! Why, I shall starve! Pens, ink, and paper
too, as I live, all gone to pot! I have no remedy left
but to publish, if I can get credit, that is to say. There-
fore, imperial fools, noble fools, reverend fools, nay,
fools all, do read me: and I was going to promise you
a second volume in *Praise of Folly*; but another and a
wiser man hath given it you before me.

THE POET'S CHORUS TO FOOLS.

Then trim the boat, row on each Rara Avis,
Crowds flock to man my Stultifera Navis.

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